

JEFF KOONS'S TRIVIAL PURSUITS, BY MARK STEVENS

JANUARY 20, 1992 • \$2.95

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THE POLITICS OF SELF

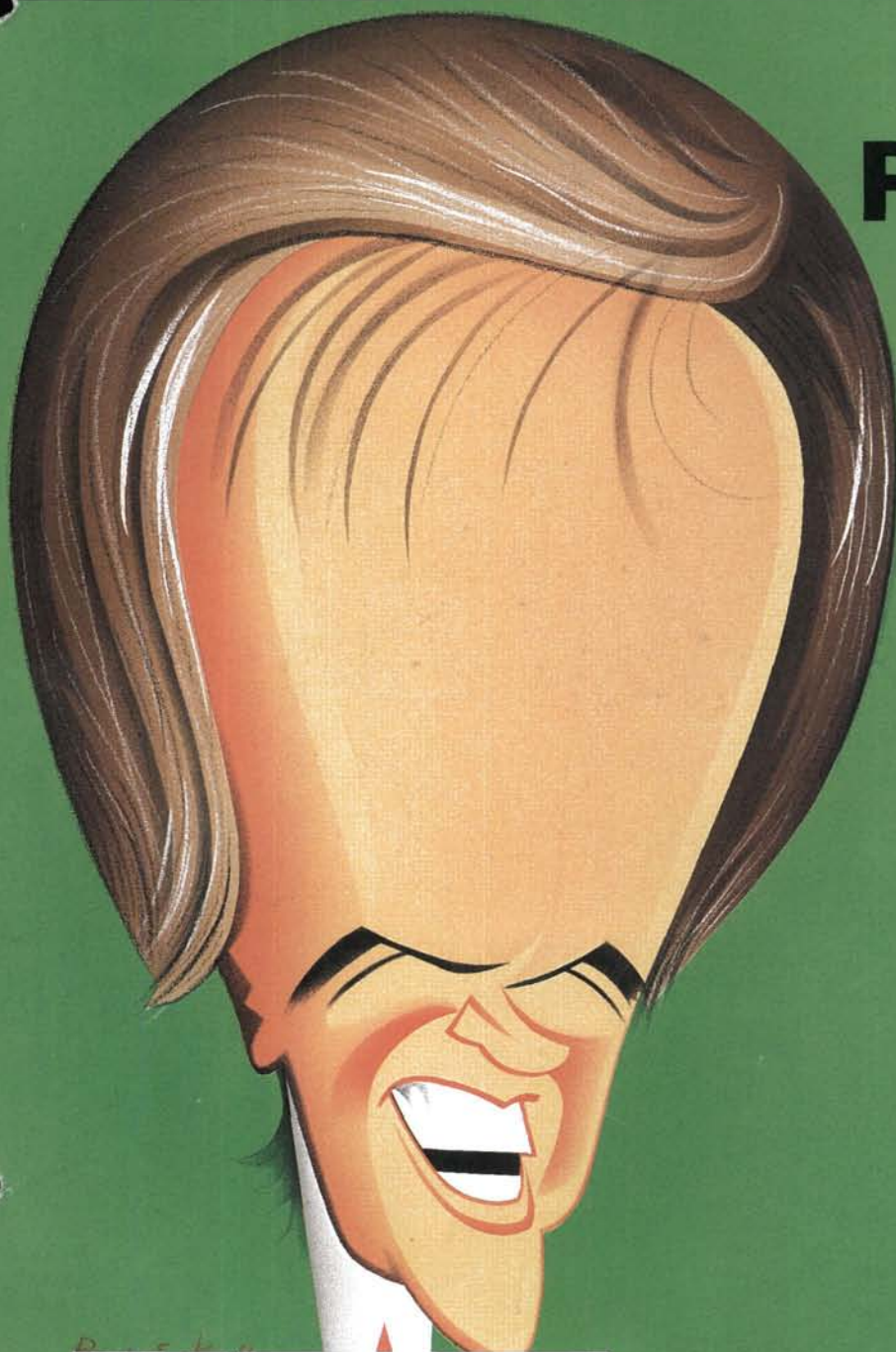
**Bob Kerrey's
shallow campaign**

By Sidney Blumenthal

Nebraska sleaze

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**JERUSALEM'S JEWISH
FANATICS**
BY TEDDY KOLLEK



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CORRESPONDENCE

Laugh a minute

To the editors:

Mark Hosenball's "Blind Eye" (November 25) actually understated the blunders regarding Iraq's nuclear program. Even the National Security Council staff appeared indifferent to the Iraqi nuclear threat before January 1991.

As a physicist who helped design nuclear weapons at Livermore National Laboratory, and more recently as a foreign nuclear weapons specialist for the Defense Intelligence Agency, in December 1990 I spoke with Colonel Michael Hayden of the NSC in his office about my very strong concern that the intelligence community was far too complacent about Iraqi nuclear efforts. Specifically I urged "an immediate enlarged meeting of JAEIC [Joint Atomic Energy Intelligence Committee] together with covert, photo, and NSA people" for top priority action. Energetic liaison with other intelligence agencies to pinpoint Iraqi nuclear activities was proposed.

He said he would forward my ideas to the appropriate people in NSC but doubted that any real consideration would be given to input from outside. When I asked for a brief interview with Dr. Richard Haass, the Middle East specialist, he laughed and said that was impossible since Haass saw almost no one from outside. The same very strong concern about the Iraqi nuclear program was voiced in a January 1, 1991, letter to Gen. Brent Scowcroft, but no reply ever came.

If the White House staff maintains the same insulated, inbred, smug, and complacent attitude, the campaign to reelect President George Bush in 1992 could be in very serious trouble.

HOWARD D. GREYBER
Potomac, Maryland

Daddy dearest

To the editors:

William A. Galston's father-bashing is a perfect lesson in why divorced fathers "neglect" their familial duties ("Home Alone," December 2). Galston claims the past presumption of awarding the mother custody of the children has changed to a presumption of equal claims. This is true, in some states, on the basis of legal custody. But primary physical custody is awarded to the mother in more than 95 percent of the cases in this country. When fathers encounter the domestic courts, they find they are on

trial as parents, yet the mother's relationship with the child is taken for granted. This attitude is also found in the fields of psychology and sociology, where research regarding the father's role in nurturing the child has been largely ignored.

What is the divorced father's role in the picture? As Galston pointed out, many divorced fathers see their children very seldom. Typically, court-ordered "visitation" is two weekends every month. Meanwhile, the father pays child support and is expected to provide all transportation and pay all expenses for the "visitation." Fathers that pay child support, yet are non-primary caregivers, cannot claim the child support for tax exemptions. In many states, attorney's fees can range from \$1,000 to \$5,000 to simply retain legal rights as a joint custodial parent.

While fathers must bear all these burdens, they are supposed to be satisfied with cursory visitation and no legal voice in their child's health, education, and welfare. Given that situation, along with our culture's tendency to treat divorced fathers as second-class parents, is it really surprising that many fathers simply give up? Even if the fathers do come out ahead economically, which is debatable, haven't they been robbed of the most valuable commodity when they have lost access to their children?

Until women are willing to respect a father's right to be a functional parent, and a child's right to have a functional father, can they really expect to have equality of the sexes?

ZACK E. MURRELL
Durham, North Carolina

To the editors:

In discussing the traumatic impact the present American family life has on children, William A. Galston overlooks the important fact that far too many unfit people try to raise children. Our traditional culture insists that virtually everybody has a social obligation to raise children. But should a gay man marry and father children? Should a 14-year-old on welfare attempt motherhood? Should a self-centered unwed actress be able to adopt a child? Can a busy woman executive be an adequate mother? Should an emotionally unstable wife and her alcoholic husband have children? As a gay man from a Mormon background, a family-oriented culture where single adults and even childless couples are virtual outcasts, I am particularly sensitive to the pressures placed on people to raise children.

Galston, and the authors of the books from which he quotes, are still in a traditionalist mindset that believes that adjusting a few taxes or changing divorce laws will solve the family crisis. But the real problem lies with the psychological and

emotional fitness of people to be parents. People who are primarily devoted to material possessions and not children are going to be poor parents no matter what economic adjustments are made.

CRAIG ALFRED HANSON
Bonsall, California

Defending Croatia

To the editors:

Robert Kaplan's "Croatianism" (November 25) seems to be guilty of blaming the victim of the current crisis in Yugoslavia, if not explicitly, then at least by implication. What Franjo Tudjman's wacky views about the Holocaust have to do with the current situation in Yugoslavia is not clear to me, nor does it seem so self-evident that his ridiculous book "helps to explain a war that people in the West find so unfathomable."

If the Yugoslav civil war is about anything, it is about the destructive impact of a resurgence of ethnic nationalism in an area long suppressed by Communist dictators. And what set off the latest wave of violence, which began after the Croatian declaration of independence, was the decision by an essentially fascist Serbian demagogue to use naked aggression to solve ethnic disputes. We should not simply throw our hands up and say that "Tudjman, Milosevic, and everyone else in Yugoslavia are the victims of history." In some vague sense that is obviously true, but it obscures the particular issues involved in the present crisis, and prevents us from assessing the responsibilities of regimes who feel that it is acceptable to settle differences by violence.

When, in extremely simplistic and reductive fashion, Kaplan equates the millions of Yugoslav minds with those of the Tudjmans and the Milosevics of the world, how does he imagine the innocent victims of Dubrovnik and other shell-shocked Yugoslav cities would feel about that? Such patronizing and borderline racist remarks are, unfortunately, as unfathomable as the war they are supposed to explain.

MALICK W. GHACHEM
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the editors:

Robert Kaplan gives us his interpretation of the war in Croatia based on a 1987 book by Franjo Tudjman, now president of Croatia, whom Kaplan labels a muddled Balkan anti-Semite. In support of his thesis, he presents a number of unattractive and ambiguous quotes, stitching together phrases that are pages apart and out of context, and even citing as Tudjman's words quotes cited by Tudjman from other sources. As the translator of the book, I feel compelled to respond to

Kaplan's groundless accusations.

Kaplan accuses Tudjman of calling the 6 million figure for the number of Jews killed in the Holocaust exaggerated. In fact, Tudjman cites numerous sources in the estimation of Jewish victims of WWII ranging from the lowest, 1 million, to the highest, 6 million. The most detailed study he cites (Raul Hilberg 1973) judges that 5 million is the best estimate. This can hardly be considered Holocaust revisionism.

Kaplan charges that Tudjman puts the word Holocaust in quotes, stressing the "self-immolation" of its meaning. Writing for a Croatian audience for the most part unfamiliar with the term, Tudjman uses quotation marks when explaining the word itself, its meaning and history. Tudjman refers to the history of Jewish victimization including self-sacrifice, citing as an example the Jews in the Netherlands who chose to take their own lives on the day of Hitler's advent rather than be killed by the Nazis. Otherwise, throughout his book, Tudjman uses the word Holocaust, as it is conventionally used—to refer to Hitler's Jewish genocide.

Kaplan accuses Tudjman of calling the harsh Israeli policy toward the Palestinians "Judeo-Nazism" and of claiming that the small historical step from Nazi-Fascism to Judeo-Nazism explains that genocidal violence is a natural occurrence traceable through the Jewish origins of Western civilization. First, the phrase "Judeo-Nazism" was actually coined by Israeli professor J. Leibowitz, an advocate for Palestinian rights. Second, Tudjman does not attribute genocide to the Jewish origins of Western civilization. He uses the example of the Jews, among others, to show that no nation is immune, that victims can become perpetrators and vice-versa.

According to Kaplan, Tudjman discounts the killing of Serbs by Croats at the Jasenovac camp in WWII, ascribing their slaughter to Jews. First, Tudjman explains the cruel system that the fascist Ustasha devised by which the Jewish inmates of the Jasenovac camp were forced to manage the camp until they themselves were liquidated in 1943. Second, Tudjman does not reduce the number of Serbs killed at Jasenovac, but he does dispute the figures promulgated by the Yugoslav government, which were exaggerated to create a myth of Croatian collective guilt in order to facilitate the repression of Croatian national identity.

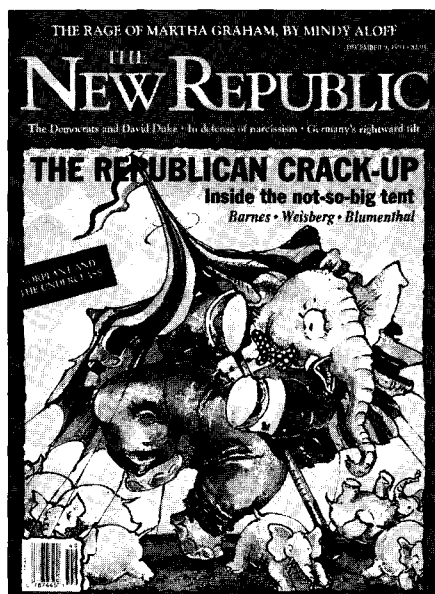
While Kaplan labels Tudjman an anti-Semitic Holocaust revisionist, the national director of the Anti-Defamation League, Abraham Foxman, has praised Tudjman as a "decent and courageous leader" who has "strongly condemned anti-Semitism." Similarly, Nenad Porges, president of the Jewish Community

Council in Zagreb, applauds Tudjman and the Croatian government for condemning neo-fascism and fully supports Croatia's efforts toward independence.

KATARINA MIJATOVIC
San Francisco, California

Robert Kaplan replies:

The translation I used—the same one used by the *Guardian* of London and other European papers—was done by another translator. I'd also like to add that in a recent interview with Canadian television, Tudjman repeated: "With regard to Jews, I'm inclined to agree with those scholars in the world who say that the figure of 6 million is exaggerated."



Fordicey

To the editors:

In "Gone With the Wind" (December 9) Sidney Blumenthal implies that Mississippi Governor-Elect Kirk Fordice's alleged contacts in the Army Corps of Engineers helped him obtain government contracts for his construction company. Fordice Construction Company obtained these contracts through open competitive bidding procedures. Sometimes they were the low bidder, sometimes not. Fordice has on several occasions sued and beat the corps, hardly endearing himself to them.

Blumenthal states that Fordice volunteered to be a county election commissioner. He was elected—twice. Blumenthal states that Fordice moved his business back and forth across the state border. The large scale of the operations made it advantageous for Fordice Construction originally to locate near the corps casting plant in Louisiana. After a fire destroyed this office of twenty years,

they chose to relocate one mile across the river to Vicksburg.

Blumenthal states that liens were placed against Fordice for unpaid state taxes. The Mississippi lien was for a few hundred dollars that the office manager neglected to pay one quarter. It was paid when the mistake was discovered. The Louisiana lien was an error by the state of Louisiana, and documentation proving this was ignored by the Mabus campaign.

Before lumping Fordice and David Duke in the same argument, Blumenthal should note the differences. Duke's ideology stems from his notorious racist past and associations. Fordice's conservatism is based on his hard work in the private sector. Duke is dishonest, slick, and dangerous. Fordice says the same things in public that he says in his own living room. Duke was defeated. Fordice won, in a democratic, fair election.

PAUL INGRAM
Vicksburg, Mississippi

Cuomo's phone

To the editors:

"Never pick a fight with someone who buys ink by the truckload" is an axiom well respected in political circles ("Mario's Calling," December 2). Politicians never get the last word in a debate with a newspaper, everybody knows, so politicians always lose. Yet, when a politician decides to take on such a battle, as Mario Cuomo often does, he is characterized as the bully. *Quod erat demonstrandum*, as Cuomo might say.

Holding reporters to high standards is good for both media and government. Reporters are annoyed when Mario Cuomo demands that accusations against him be specifically attributed. That's often because they get such accusations third hand, never really speaking to the source; or because they have agreed to protect the accuser; or because the reporter himself is making the accusation but believes the question will have more credibility if it is described as coming from somewhere else. I believe the target has a right to know who is taking aim at him.

When I reported on Mario Cuomo, he did call once to complain about my granting anonymity to a critic. He was right. He also called once to praise a story and discuss the issue further. I think politicians should do both more often. Confronting a reporter with what he or she has written is much to be preferred to general ranting about "the media."

DAVID E. DAWSON
Indianapolis, Indiana

The writer was a Gannett News Services correspondent in Albany.

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FROM WASHINGTON

Untried and true

The Washington air is full of economic nostrums, right and left, from the White House, Congress, and the Democratic presidential candidates. But there's a simple two-part test of whether the purveyors are serious, and they all flunk it. (1) Do you acknowledge that the paramount economic problem remains the federal budget deficit? (2) Do you acknowledge that the only way to bring the deficit under control without raising taxes is to cut middle-class benefit programs like Social Security and Medicare?

Yes, boring but true. True for a decade, and truer than ever as the

deficit heads toward \$400 billion.

The recession does not change the basic diagnosis. Recessions happen; Ronald Reagan did not abolish the business cycle, as some had hoped. What's unique about this recession is that the deficit is at undreamed-of levels, interest rates are at lows we never thought we'd see again, and still the patient doesn't respond. With that kind of injected adrenalin, he ought to be bouncing off the walls. It's a sign of a deeper sickness.

The recession does complicate things. Traditional therapy would call for more stimulation—higher deficits—not less. But this short-run problem has become a convenient excuse for ignoring the long-run danger, the way a cold can become an excuse for going off your diet. In fact, a genuinely convincing commitment to address the deficit over the next few years would probably be the best short-run anti-recession medicine as well. Markets would respond gratefully to proof that the United States has not lost all capacity for self-control.

All players in the debate do acknowledge that our long-run prosperity depends on increasing America's savings and investment. Thus Republicans have their "growth packages" of more tax cuts for the rich (as if opposition to anything labeled a "growth package" makes you

anti-growth), and Democrats have their middle-class savings incentives.

You can debate the merits of these proposals, but they all have two things in common. First, like the short-term anti-recession therapies, they are pleasant medicine: more spending, lower taxes. Nothing that takes any political courage to prescribe. And second, they hardly matter compared to the deficit. When the government is draining \$400 billion a year from the savings pool, an incentive here or there makes little difference.

I've been reading the speeches of presidential candidate Bill Clinton. I want very badly to like him. He seems pleasant. He talks good. Like Paul Tsongas, he deserves credit for presenting his platform in writing in some detail. His theme of "personal responsibility" sounds just right. But he flunks the seriousness test on issue number one. He won't tell middle-class voters they must take "personal responsibility" for the deficit.

In fact, he wants to give the middle class a tax cut. That's fine, because he would pay for it by raising taxes on the affluent. But then how would he balance the budget? Well, he would "reexamine every dollar of the taxpayers' money we spend" and would make "three percent across-the-board cuts in the administrative costs of the federal bureaucracy." He would spend more on infrastructure investments, on higher education, on aid to the working poor. But he would "limit overall increases in the consumption [part of the] budget to increases in personal income, so that the federal budget can't go up any faster than the average American's paycheck."

This is snake oil. Bureaucracy costs are a trivial part of federal spending. As for limiting federal spending increases to the growth in personal income, what would Clinton do in a recession like now when personal income is declining? Reduce unemployment compensation? Even in normal times, federal benefit spending increases faster than personal income because the population is aging and health care costs are soaring. And Clinton says he would use the savings from health care cost reform to provide universal coverage, so that money, if it materialized, would not be available to reduce the deficit.

Clinton's seemingly painless formula, in short, would require severe cuts in most federal activities, especially payments to retirees and others. Perhaps that is what he intends. But he flunks the seriousness test until he is willing to say so.

Like everyone else—including many who participated in it—Clinton sneers at 1990's budget deal, that unpopular experiment in financial responsibility. Because of the recession and the

continued on page 45

How We the People Can Retake America from the Drug Dealers, Drug Addicts and Drug Enforcement Agents

"An extraordinarily well-documented, calmly reasoned, yet devastating account of the many ways in which federal officials have abused the 'war on drugs.'"

—ALAN REYNOLDS, *Forbes* columnist and Director of Economic Research at the Hudson Institute

"Comprehensive... The authors have clearly done their homework... They make a number of telling points about the benefits of diversity in drug laws, not to mention the ways in which local control is consistent with the constitutional system that the Founders had in mind."

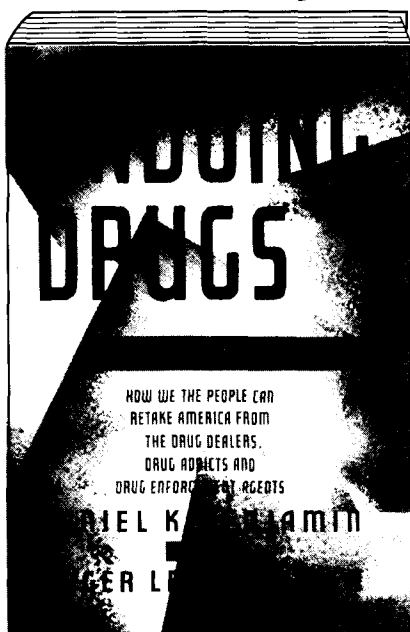
—CHARLES MURRAY, *Washington Times*

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JANUARY 20, 1992

UNSUPERMARIO

An amateur psychologist would say that some Democrats remain in a state of denial about the nature and extent of their own problems. To some, there is still nothing substantively wrong with the Democratic agenda of the early 1970s. Many are perfectly comfortable with the familiar formula of increases in domestic programs, hand-outs for various approved constituencies, the panacea of higher taxes on the rich, and an instinctively non-interventionist foreign policy. The party's problem, in the view of these paleoliberals, is merely one of leadership. After losing three consecutive elections, the fault, in their opinion, is the lack of a candidate charismatic or liberal enough to stand up to the Republicans. Mystically inclined, these Democrats entertain Messianic visions. For almost a decade, their redeemer of choice has been Mario Cuomo.

The governor of New York emerged as the dream-candidate of party traditionalists after a single, impressive speech he delivered at the San Francisco convention in 1984. In contrast to that year's nominee, Walter Mondale, and in even greater contrast to the 1988 nominee, Michael Dukakis, Cuomo was compelling in his evocation of the liberal past and in his vision of a just, compassionate society. He didn't run from Reaganism; he answered it with soaring rhetoric of his own sort. With his deft intelligence, toughness, and forensic skill, Cuomo seemed sure to outmatch George Bush—or any other likely GOP contender—in one-on-one televised combat. For his part, the governor was more than willing to be courted as an embryonic front-runner. In 1987 and again in 1991, he played to the hilt the role of candidate in exile, traversing the country to drop hints and challenge Republican dogma. Cuomo flirted; the party flirted back. And in each instance, the governor blew off the date.

This time around, the governor's tease became an absurd and serious liability to his party. For ten weeks, he encouraged speculation that he would run, selfishly perpetuating the idea that he was the Democrats' only hope for 1992 and, when he opted out, offering the trite excuse that Republicans in the New York legislature

were at fault. Jesse Jackson, similarly tortured about being left out of the presidential limelight, was a paragon of decisiveness by comparison.

The possibility of a Cuomo candidacy hampered the fund-raising and staff recruitment efforts of the six declared candidates. Cuomo did not seem genuinely bothered by this, or by making the first months of the campaign seem like a sideshow to his own psychodrama. When the filing deadline for New Hampshire approached, Cuomo heightened the drama by chartering planes and signing checks, only to withdraw at the last possible moment.

Some Democrats will never give up on Cuomo, so long as he walks and breathes. We gave up some time ago, exhausted by his interminable sophistry and vanity. But all Democrats—at least those who want to regain the White House—should realize that Cuomo's non-candidacy is the best news they've had in years. Smart and articulate though he is, Cuomo is an intellectual and political dead-end. During his nine years as governor of New York, his administration did little to promote innovation in the areas of education and welfare. His only idea of school reform was to pay more money to teachers. As governor of the state with the country's largest and worst-afflicted underclass population, Cuomo has been leery of replacing the dole with "workfare," even when proposed by a blue-ribbon commission he himself appointed. (Cuomo thereby pleased public employee unions, who fear workfare workers might take their jobs.) Faced with New York City's perennial housing shortage, Cuomo supported strict rent controls, dooming the city to continued crisis (but pleasing liberal tenant groups). Despite his efforts to blame the problems of the states on Washington, New York's fiscal crisis is as much his fault as anyone's. Where Cuomo has changed, he has moved onto perilous new ground. His economic proposals—a Felix Rohatyn-meets-Nicholas Brady hodge-podge of tax breaks for rich people, banks, and corporations—revealed a predictable failure to assimilate any of the economic lessons of the past few years.



To the extent that Cuomo has ever had a foreign policy, it replicates the worst of what Congressional Democrats have to offer: a mixture of ignorance and escapism. After Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, Cuomo suggested throwing Saddam a few territorial scraps. With characteristic slipperiness, the Governor has since engaged in a prolonged scholastic disputation with various newspaper columnists to try to prove he never said what he said.

Elsewhere in the party, serious efforts are under way to rethink what Democrats should stand for. Senator Robert Kerrey's plan for national health care is a far more serious proposal than anything Cuomo had come up with. Bill Clinton, as governor of Arkansas, pioneered education reform, instituting passing requirements for students and alternate certification for teachers, as well as a choice program. He incorporated a mandatory job search into the state's welfare system and more recently advocated putting a time limit on cash welfare. Clinton's candidacy takes off from the premise that the party's problem is not merely one of personality, but of program.

The most important question about Clinton is whether he is firm enough in his own reformism to resist pressure if he draws nearer the nomination. The voices clamoring for Cuomo to run will do their best to turn Clinton into a Cuomo if he is the party's standard-bearer in 1992. He should keep in mind the new leaders of the British Labour Party, who, after a similar generation in the wilderness, are now poised to regain government, after a long, thorough abandonment of paleoliberal policies.

Ironically, a Cuomo candidacy might have helped Clinton define himself against the old dogma of the Democratic party. With Cuomo out of the race, Clinton will be more tempted to usurp the middle ground, and appease the party's left wing. Luckily, he still has Tom Harkin whose constituency is substantially the same as Cuomo's. Defeating it in 1992, whether a Democrat regains the White House or not, is not just a prerequisite for the Democratic Party's renewal, but for the country's as well.

NOTEBOOK

BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: "Al, you gonna have a draft?"

—December 28, in a dance-hall in Beeville, Texas, to Senator Alan Simpson, who ordered chablis.

TIME OUT: If ever there was a "man of a year," this is the year, and Boris Yeltsin is the man. Yet somehow, *Time* managed to overlook him in favor of CNN owner Ted Turner. This is explained at three possible levels of cynicism: 1) *Time* was pre-empted by *Newsweek*, which bannered "The Year of Yeltsin" on its cover the previous

week; 2) After naming Gorbachev "Man of the Decade" the previous year, the embarrassment of naming Yeltsin would have been too great; 3) Time-Warner is part owner of CNN, and is pursuing a strategy of corporate synergy. Actually, there's a fourth possibility: all of the above.

LOWER CASE: *Seize The Moment: America's Challenge in a One Superpower World* is Richard Nixon's latest volume of wit and of wisdom, published, need we say, by Simon and Schuster. The inscription: "To the democrats. Hasn't he given them enough already?"

MINOR CURRICULAR ADJUSTMENT:

Reading List, Political Science 190.101, Introduction to American Politics, Johns Hopkins University, Fall 1990 (Professor Cummings)

H.G. Nicholas, *The Nature of American Politics*
 Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*
 Richard F. Fenno, Jr., *The Making of a Senator: Dan Quayle*
 Nelson W. Polsby and Aaron Wildavsky, *Presidential Elections*
 Norman Ornstein and Shirley Elder, *Interest Groups, Lobbying, and Policymaking*
 Peter Woll, *American Government: Readings and Cases*
 V.O. Key, Jr., *Politics, Parties, and Pressure Groups*
 William H. Flanigan and Nancy H. Zingale, *Political Behavior of the American Electorate*
 Norman H. Nie, Sidney Verba, and John R. Petrocik, *The Changing American Voter*
 Milton C. Cummings, Jr., and David Wise, *Democracy Under Pressure*

Reading List (excerpted), Political Science 190.101, Introduction to American Politics, Johns Hopkins University, Fall 1991 (Instructor Hemberger)

Martin Luther King, Jr., *Why We Can't Wait*
 Malcolm X, *Malcolm X Speaks*
 Film: *Do the Right Thing*
 Bob Blauner, *Black Lives, White Lives*
 Patricia Williams, *Alchemy of Race and Rights*
 Marvin E. Gettleman, et al., *Vietnam and America: A Documented History*
 Wallace Terry, *Bloods*
 Film: *No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger*
 Todd Gitlin, *The Whole World is Watching*
 Film: *Berkeley in the '60s*
 Linda Dittmar and Gene Michaud, *From Hanoi to Hollywood*
 Film: *Platoon*
 Edward J. Epstein, *Agency of Fear*
 U.S. Senate, Committee on Foreign Relations, Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Operations, Drugs, Law Enforcement and Foreign Policy [aka Kerry report]
 Minnie Bruce Pratt, "Identity: Skin Blood Heart," *Yours in Struggle*
 Biddy Martin and Chandra Talpade Mohanty, "Feminist Politics: What's Home Got to Do with It?" from *Feminist Studies/Critical Studies*
 Films: *The Best Man*, *The Times of Harvey Milk*
 Cindy Patton, *Inventing AIDS*
 Film: *A Virus Knows No Morals* •

BUSH PROTECTION

By James Bovard

Inviting Lee Iacocca and a few other protectionist CEOs to accompany President Bush on his two-week Pacific tour struck many as an odd, panicky ploy by a free trade president to bolster his domestic ratings. In fact, it should come as no surprise. George Bush has been closing off American markets almost since his first week in office. In fact, by ceding to the demands of one domestic lobby after another, he may be the most protectionist president since Herbert Hoover.

More than 40 percent of the United States's 8,753 official tariff categories are restricted by import quotas. And Bush isn't doing much to end it. As early as July 1989, the president extended steel import quotas for two and a half years, labeling the quota extension a "Steel Trade Liberalization Program." These quotas were expanded to include railroad axles and oil pipes, hurting the U.S. oil drilling and railroad industries who need high-quality foreign steel products to compete. High-quality Japanese steel was particularly squeezed, with dire consequences for U.S. industry. A 1991 U.S. International Trade Commission survey of steel buyers found that 60 percent of U.S. machinery producers rated Japanese steel quality as excellent, while only 8 percent rated U.S. steel as excellent.

The U.S. dumping law is the administration's favorite protectionist tool, and Commerce Department officials have urged American companies to bring antidumping suits. Deputy Assistant Secretary of Commerce Marjorie Chorkins thanked the American Wire Producers Association in early 1991 for their frequent use of the law, declaring: "The partnership which the AWPA and [Commerce] have enjoyed over the past ten years has been active and rewarding." Commerce officials also encouraged the Big Three to file against Japanese minivan producers—a suit that could cost consumers billions of dollars.

The Bush administration has also taken some highly protectionist positions in the current GATT round. Though U.S. restrictions on shipping are costing American consumers up to \$10 billion a year, the administration has refused to negotiate on opening the U.S. coastal trade to foreign shipping. Commerce's idea of "trade liberalization" is to stop protecting a product once it's no longer produced in the U.S. In May 1990, Commerce Deputy Assistant Secretary Aug-

gie Tantillo told some Carolina textile producers, "We would inject some market liberalizing features into the new [GATT textile] arrangement such as ... dropping categories that no longer warrant protection, i.e., those that are no longer made in this country."

There's more where that came from. Take peanuts. A drought in Georgia during the summer of 1990 caused a severe shortfall in the U.S. peanut harvest, a doubling of peanut prices, and layoffs at some food manufacturers. Bush had the authority to relax the U.S. peanut import quota of two peanuts per U.S. citizen a year, but delayed any opening of the borders for nine months—until just before the next U.S. peanut crop was to be harvested. And, pandering to Southern congressmen, Bush imposed enough restrictions on his trade liberalization gesture to ensure that only a miniscule amount of additional peanuts could be imported.

Last May, Rufus Yerxa, a high-ranking USTR official, condemned Japan because the Japanese refused to lift their barriers against dairy imports. Yet the U.S. itself restricts dairy imports to the equivalent of only one teaspoon of foreign ice cream and only one pound of foreign cheese for each American per year. A month later, Bush extended the semiconductor arrangement with Japan, perpetuating trade restrictions on a crucial product for the future of the American economy. In August, Oki and Hitachi announced that the new semiconductor arrangement could force them to raise their prices in the U.S. by up to 15 percent, thus putting the American electronics industry (which relies heavily on imported chips) at a disadvantage to the Japanese electronics industry (which can buy chips at a lower price).

Since last July, the Bush administration has imposed new textile import quotas on Nigeria, Indonesia, Egypt, the Philippines, Burma, Costa Rica, Panama, and Pakistan. A month later, Ron Sorini, a Bush USTR textile official, arm-twisted Hong Kong and Korea into slashing their textile exports to the United States by the equivalent of more than 30 million shirts as a "contribution to Operation Desert Storm." On December 27, Bush extended import quotas on machine tools from Japan and Taiwan.

Of course, Japan is not free of blame regarding trade. The Japanese have sometimes been as creative with their trade barriers as they have with their manufacturing processes. But Japanese trade barriers are no reason to erect our own, and to subject American and Japanese consumers to a double protectionist whammy from both sides of the Pacific. If President Bush really wants to persuade the Japanese of the joys of free trade, he should leave Iacocca behind and take a few American consumers with him instead. It might give the Japanese people a few dangerously liberating ideas.

JAMES BOVARD is the author of *The Fair Trade Fraud* (St. Martin's, 1991).

SKINNER DIPPING

By Fred Barnes

A week before Christmas, White House officials invited WMUR-TV in Manchester, New Hampshire, to interview President Bush in the Oval Office—the next day. That wasn't all. The television crew and correspondent Jack Heath also got access to Bush at dawn when he showed up for work, in mid-morning when he was presented an antique shotgun by two New Hampshire sportsmen, and at noon when he ate lunch with Vice President Dan Quayle. Bush's comments to Quayle were specially scripted to be overheard by the New Hampshire station. The transportation bill he'd signed the day before, Bush said, "means almost \$200 million for New Hampshire." All this proved too clever by a half. TV correspondents who cover the White House regularly don't get this kind of access, but Brit Hume of ABC obtained the WMUR-TV videotape. On ABC's "World News Tonight," he exposed Bush's end run around the national press and mocked it. The aides who'd arranged the special access for the New Hampshire station were chagrined, and thwarted in their bid for Bush to market himself in New Hampshire without Washington and the national press knowing about it.

This happened on Samuel Skinner's watch. The former transportation secretary replaced John Sununu as White House chief of staff on December 16, but not much has changed. There was no instant rejuvenation of Bush or his re-election prospects this year. The mini-embarrassments, the unsure footing, the policy quandary continued. And the TV overture to voters in New Hampshire reflected deeper worry about Patrick Buchanan's challenge to Bush in the presidential primary there on February 18 than White House aides or Bush have admitted publicly.

"It's the same old staff doing the same old things," says a White House official. The chief goal of Bush aides is still to make Bush seem a devoted and caring practitioner of domestic policy. Bush and Skinner believe the White House has failed to convey Bush's concern about domestic matters to the American people. In other words, Bush's problem isn't a sour economy or an overemphasis on foreign policy. It's a communications problem: the White House hasn't gotten its message out. Bush's tack is self blame. "I'm the guy who has to share the blame for the people of New Hampshire not knowing that I know they are hurting," he told WMUR-TV.

Skinner has two other approaches. One is to insist, as he did at a press briefing on December 20, that Bush has

really been a domestic policy president all along. "He has spent a vast, vast majority of his time on domestic issues," Skinner said. "That ... hasn't gotten across." Maybe it shouldn't. Bush's alleged concentration on domestic policy certainly didn't produce triumphs. The economy is stagnant, the American people are wallowing in pessimism, and Bush's top advisers are locked in a stalemate on tax and budget policy. A better argument would be that Bush was sidetracked by momentous world events—the Gulf war, the collapse of communism, Panama, etc.—and only now is getting around to domestic matters. Everything will be all right soon.

Skinner's other line is that everyone at the White House, including Bush, is working hard. I don't think there was ever a perception that the president and his staff were loafing. But Skinner nonetheless is bent on putting out the message that hard work is being done. "It's very tough times for this country," he said. "The president is working very hard. The staff is working very hard." At one point Skinner got so carried away with the message of hard work that he announced a six-day work week had been instituted at the White House. The trouble was, this made it appear Bush and his staff hadn't been working hard enough before Skinner arrived. So Skinner reversed himself and said it wasn't really a new policy because many officials already worked Saturdays. "The president works six days," Skinner declared. "I've been up with him at Camp David when he works on New Year's Day. He worked through noon on New Year's Day. He works on Saturdays every day."

Skinner is a process nut, believing a "process problem" is part of Bush's overall communications failure. Why don't folks know Bush is a domestic policy president? The White House process didn't churn out that message before now, that's why. Skinner recruited a corporate pal from RJR Nabisco in New York, Eugene Croisant, to work on the problem. Croisant began interviewing White House aides. He introduced himself as Gene Croisant, "as in roll." Interviewees were wary. "Who would tell this guy everything?" said a White House official. "Who would feel comfortable telling him what they tell the president and what they tell the chief of staff?" Practically no one, the official suspected.

With minimal subtlety, Skinner suggested that Sununu had skewed the process by taking too much authority away from Bush and not giving the president enough advice. Maybe Sununu was too powerful, but Skinner didn't mention the real reasons. One, Bush wanted it that way. Two, someone had to fill the domestic policy gap that Bush created by dwelling on foreign affairs. Anyway, Bush "makes the decisions here," Skinner assured reporters. "I know I want the president to make decisions. He wants to make the decisions, and if I make them and he doesn't I think my tenure here will be very short." Advice? Skinner implied Bush would get more than ever. "We want to make sure that the president at this critical time has the very best advice he can have," he said. In truth, the same people, armed with the same ideas, are advising Bush.



Taking a Page from Orwell's Book

BY ALBERT SHANKER, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS

The 1991 George Orwell Doublespeak Award should go to President George Bush and Secretary of Education Lamar Alexander. Both of them know that millions of Americans are strongly opposed to using tax dollars to pay for private and parochial school tuition. It was only two years ago that President Bush took this position himself. He stated, in no uncertain terms, that public dollars should only be used for public schools. When he called a White House conference on school choice, he specifically limited choice to the public schools. Secretary Alexander expressed similar views in the past.

Bush and Alexander have clearly changed their basic views. Indeed, they have flip-flopped on the issue. This is not the first time a president or a cabinet member has undergone a change of heart or mind. But usually when this happens, the public is told the reasons. What circumstances have changed? What new ideas or arguments have emerged that are powerful enough to change strongly held convictions? Unfortunately, we'll probably never know the reasons because Bush and Alexander have decided to take an Orwellian approach.

In the book *1984*, Orwell describes a political technique used by dictators (but not limited to them) in which discussion of public issues is avoided by a clever use of language. Orwell describes the presence of signs and posters proclaiming WAR IS PEACE and FREEDOM IS SLAVERY. And now, instead of offering us reasons and arguments, Bush and Alexander are proclaiming, PRIVATE IS PUBLIC.

According to a news report in the *Washington Post* (November 27, 1991), Bush told an audience in Columbus, Ohio, that "any school that serves the public" provides public education." And, the story continues, "Bush specifically cited religiously controlled schools that are publicly accountable as falling into that category." He also called for greater competition among schools.

But just what does he mean by "serves the public" and "publicly accountable"? Does he mean that the schools must be willing to accept all children who apply and for whom there is space? That they must follow the curriculum that has been established by public bodies? That they must educate the handicapped in the least restrictive environment? That they must seek to get all students to learn the English language? That they cannot expel students or expel them without due process of law? That they must give the same exams to kids that are required by the public schools and honestly report the results to the public? That they must make their attendance and dropout rates public? That they are subject to civil rights laws with

respect to the composition of their student bodies and faculties?

Don't hold your breath. That's not what Bush and Alexander are saying. They're saying that any school that educates some kids and that abides by the very minimal rules that states have established for private schools will, from now on, be called a public school and get taxpayer dollars. That's akin to saying that if my family and friends swim in the pool in my backyard and if I obey no more than the health and safety rules (almost none) that apply to private swimming pools, my pool will be called a public swimming pool and I can get the taxpayers to pay for it.

**Instead of
offering
arguments for
private school
choice, Bush
and Alexander
proclaim,
PRIVATE IS
PUBLIC**

Bush and Alexander are calling for competition among schools. Some might question that as a school improvement strategy since none of our democratic, industrial competitors whose schools are doing better than ours features school competition. But even if you believe competition in education is a good idea, what kind of competition will it be if public schools are forced by federal, state and local governments to live according to one set of rules (many of which are unpopular) while their competitors are bound by almost none?

An example: In a number of cities, some parents, school boards and educators believe that African-American male students would receive a better education in schools limited to them. Recently a court in Detroit ruled that it was illegal for the Detroit system to establish such schools, but of course that ruling doesn't extend

to private schools. So under the Bush-Alexander approach, taxpayers would pay for private all-black male schools, even though the courts have declared them illegal. How, in this situation, could the public schools compete?

There are probably some parents who would want their kids to go to schools established by the likes of David Duke in Louisiana or Leonard Jeffries in New York. And these schools wouldn't violate the state laws governing private schools. If Bush and Alexander want public dollars going to schools like these, they should say so honestly and openly. Or if they want to make sure that public dollars don't support such schools, they should tell us how their scheme would prevent that from happening. Or if what they are trying to tell us is that they don't like all or most of the laws governing public education, they should say how they propose to get rid of these laws. (In fact, their approach reduces the pressure to remove or modify unpopular laws governing public education.)

Of course President Bush and Secretary Alexander haven't talked about any of these tough issues. But that's what their doublespeak is all about—making the public think that TOUGH IS EASY.

MR. SHANKER'S COMMENTS APPEAR IN THIS AD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS. READER CORRESPONDENCE IS INVITED. ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO MR. SHANKER AT THE AFT, 555 NEW JERSEY AVE., N.W., WASHINGTON, DC 20001. ©1991 BY ALBERT SHANKER.

Two decisions were made at Skinner's behest. The annual White House Christmas message was turned into a political document extolling internationalism. (Bush, in a December 17 interview, referred to isolationists as "these turning inward people.") And the signing of the transportation bill was postponed for a week and staged not in Washington but at a muddy construction site in Dallas on December 18. This backfired. The signing ceremony was overshadowed that day by the announcement of massive layoffs and plant closings by General Motors. After the ceremony, Bush ran into a snafu when he tried to be a regular guy by eating lunch at a cafe with construction workers. When Bush reached in his pocket to see if he could afford to pay the bill, he pulled out a wad of \$20 bills. "I'm loaded," he exclaimed. The bill was \$48.10.

Bush's lurch to a domestic presidency has a sad aspect. He has produced impressive foreign successes, but now he pathetically plays up the domestic implications, often meager, of foreign ventures. His trip to Japan and the Far East that began on December 30 will "help open the giant markets there to more American exports," he declared in Dallas. "And that means the same three words—jobs, and jobs, and jobs." Bush adamantly denied to a TV interviewer that he is more interested in foreign than domestic affairs. "I guess my bottom line on this thing is you can't separate foreign policy from domestic," Bush explained.

Skinner didn't become an instant celebrity as chief of staff. He worked the crowd at the Dallas cafe, sitting down next to Bob Anderson, who operates a trucking business. "I didn't know who the heck that was," Anderson said later. As chief of staff, Skinner is an experiment. An ideological president (Reagan) worked well with a pragmatic chief (James Baker). A pragmatic president (Bush) fared well for his first two years with an ideological chief (Sununu). Now a pragmatic president (Bush) has a pragmatic chief (Skinner). Sounds like a recipe for drift, and drift, and drift. •

Jews in Arab Jerusalem.

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REOCCUPIED

By Teddy Kollek

JERUSALEM

I am not a philosopher. I believe in being practical. The sudden intrusion of Jewish settlers into the Silwan neighborhood of Jerusalem may be legal, but it is also immoral, and it is very impractical. Silwan is a neighborhood just to the south of Jerusalem's Old City. Here stood the original City of David, a portion of which has been excavated and is open to the public as an archeo-

logical park. Though Jewish families also lived in Silwan in the past, for several decades it has been an entirely Muslim Arab neighborhood, today numbering about 30,000 residents.

On the night of October 9, 1991, ultranationalist Jewish settlers slipped in under cover of darkness to take possession of a small number of houses obtained with the aid of the Ministry of Housing. They were evicted from all but one of the houses the next day by a temporary court order. Following a government decision on December 8, they were allowed to return. They claim to be in the process of leasing or purchasing many more homes in the area. I understand that the controversial events in Silwan bode ill for the Arabs. I insist, however, that they bode worse for the Jews.

For it was our great fortune to see the city of Jerusalem, capital of Israel, again united. Our great fortune and our great challenge. It has been our sacred task not just to receive and to preserve, but also to elevate and to improve. The city of Jerusalem always was, and must continue to be, a light unto the nations; and this light should reveal in our time that it is possible for Jews, Muslims, and Christians to live in harmony in this generally inflamed part of the world. The Arabs will not go away. Neither will we. Learning to live together, therefore, is simply the only way. Not least because coexistence between Arabs and Jews has been so difficult to achieve, and so regularly thwarted during the decades of conflict, their coexistence in Jerusalem, even if it has not been perfect, it has been a particularly precious achievement. Jerusalem has been the exception, not the rule. I understand coexistence between Jews and Arabs has many enemies in both communities. Still, in this municipality, we have been striving for nearly a quarter of a century to make the Arabs equal citizens, with the same rights as Jewish residents.

There are three basic reasons for this. First, it is the decent thing to do. Second, for us, and by "us" I am referring to the Jews, it affords the only chance of living here peacefully. Third, it is a living refutation of an idea prevalent among some Jews that the whole world is against us anyway, and so we may disregard its opinions. This fatalism is a monumental mistake, politically, diplomatically, and morally.

I have had disputes with all the governments of Israel, Labor as well as Likud. Neither party, when in power, I regret to say, has treated Jerusalem as a unique city with special status and special needs. But since the Likud came to power in 1977, there has been a change. Instead of a policy of quietly and diligently improving people's ability to live side by side—as has traditionally been the way of the Holy City, which is a mosaic and not a melting pot—we have witnessed the harassment and intimidation of the Arab populace. And the municipality has no effective way to intervene in the process: our powers are highly restricted by Israel's municipal code, a legacy of British colonial law, which invests most authority in the hands of the national government.

Actions like those in Silwan reveal a policy premised

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on an unrealistic assumption that, with enough pressure, the Arabs will gradually pack up and slip away. Some ultranationalist politicians openly express this hope. In reality, however, the policy, accepted by the Likud sometimes openly and sometimes by a failure to resist, achieves the opposite result. It increases hostility and stiffens Arab resistance to compromise and coexistence. And it turns the world against us, drawing attention away from the tremendous accomplishments of the city, from which all residents have benefited, and focusing attention only on the problems. This policy also polarizes our own community. It sows hatred among us, and it distorts us morally, as some rejoice while others mourn the damage done to the principles that have guided us to a sovereign Jewish state after 2,000 years in a bitter exile.

In Jerusalem, the Likud provocations began almost immediately. In 1978 a movement was initiated gradually to infiltrate Arab districts with Jewish enclaves. It started with the establishment of two chiliastic yeshivas and the appropriation of a few apartments in the Muslim Quarter of the Old City. Ariel Sharon, then as now a government minister, moved to an apartment that he seldom visits, but that has to be heavily guarded 24 hours a day. The rationale given for these acts is the right of the Jews to settle anywhere in Jerusalem. It is a right that in principle I do not dispute, though I certainly do dispute the view that the discussion about these provocations ends there. It is also argued that the presence of Jews in the Muslim Quarter or in Silwan improves security. But it is the heavy police guard necessary to protect these Jewish settlers, not their presence in these places, that increases security. At the same time, more and more of the Arab population is radicalized, while other police duties suffer from a lack of forces.

In 1990 came the more serious case of St. John's Hospice, a building belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church, which was acquired for Jewish settlers from its Armenian tenant. The legality of the transaction is still under adjudication in the courts—which are genuinely independent in Israel. (Something you cannot say about any judiciary among Israel's neighbors.) But no matter what the court may decide, we have suffered regrettable repercussions, alienating Christian communities in the city and around the world. The situation of Christians in Muslim countries is always precarious. That is why secular Arab nationalism found its tribunes among Christians, who were especially eager to create an alternative consensus in Arab society to Islam. Though they have largely failed in this effort, fear does not permit them to give up. So, many Christians and their churches had already been committed, for decades, to anti-Israel politics. But the hospice episode pulled even those Christians who have stood apart into the passionate vortex of the conflict.

As in Silwan, it is not the issue of legal ownership that is the heart of the matter. The purchases may be backed by court decisions and may be "hallowed" by

this or that building's having been previously owned or occupied by Jews. But let us be clear about what all this means. Let us recall, for instance, that Arabs cannot return to homes in what are now Jewish neighborhoods that their families fled during the War of Independence. Much of Israel's argument during the last four decades, after all, has rested quite properly on the principle that the wheel does not turn back. We must go forward from where we are today. Obsessing about history may be emotionally satisfying, but it is a formula for political conflict. For the ghosts that haunt the streets and alleys of Jerusalem come from many faiths, and many nations. These Jewish settlers, dwelling morbidly on history, think that they are honoring the past, but in reality they are endangering the future. The damage that they may cause seems beyond their comprehension.

The recent government decision to allow a few Jewish families to settle in Silwan is the most disturbing development yet. It is disturbing partly because of the way it was carried out: evicting Arab families in the middle of the night, the sad and helpless faces of the Arab residents mocked by the settlers' gleeful singing and dancing. There is no doubt in my mind—and I speak with years of experience in delicate and bitter matters—that the settlement in Silwan will spark ongoing and sordid strife between Jews and Arabs in this city. It will bear heavily on the peace talks, not least by thrusting the problem of Jerusalem to the forefront of the diplomatic agenda when it is the most complicated topic and should be left for last.

Worse yet, most of the funding for this provocation came from government sources—that is, from the Housing Ministry, apparently from budget items intended for young couples and needy cases. Meanwhile this same ministry has withdrawn from its promised share in a plan to provide low-cost rental units for 1,000 new immigrant and low-income families. What does Jerusalem need more: five or twenty Jewish families thrust awkwardly and unfairly into an Arab neighborhood or housing for 1,000 families looking to build their future in the city? Jerusalem needs calm, moreover, in order to develop economically, to attract investors and tourists, to absorb the magnificent Russian aliyah. The move into Silwan does not bring us closer to any of these goals.

But Silwan represents still more. It denotes nothing less than a retreat from coexistence, and a dangerous loss of respect for "the other" in our society. It is an attack on, and an insult to, the recent experience of Jerusalem. For, despite differences that sometimes loom large, daily life in Jerusalem since 1967 has shown that Jews, Muslims, and Christians *can* live side by side in peaceful and productive coexistence, united in their love for their city and free to worship and to develop according to their different religions and traditions.

TEDDY KOLLEK is mayor of Jerusalem.

SHOW AND TELL

By John Judis

Why have American firms had trouble competing overseas against their European and Japanese rivals? At least a partial answer is provided by looking at American participation in Expo '92, the gigantic world's fair being hosted by Spain in Seville starting next April.

The fair—taking place in the ancient city where Columbus planned his voyages—commemorates the discovery of the new world 500 years ago. Unlike the smaller 1986 Vancouver fair, it is a “universal exposition”—on the order of Britain's Crystal Palace of 1851, Chicago's Columbia Exposition of 1893, and Brussels World's Fair of 1958. It is supposed to highlight each nation's architectural, industrial, and cultural achievements. This expo heralds not only Spain's emergence as a democratic nation but also the formation of Europe 1992.

Four years ago, when plans were being drawn up for the fair, the Reagan administration lobbied successfully for the largest foreign pavilion. According to a statement by the United States Information Agency, which was in charge of the exhibit, the pavilion would give the United States an opportunity to “demonstrate its ability to compete” in the new Europe. “The U.S. pavilion,” the USIA boasted, “will be a showcase of American innovation, technology, and know-how that will show millions of visitors why the world still looks to the United States for leadership and ideas.”

Yet as Expo '92 gets ready to open, the American exhibit has become a laughing-stock. Occupying only 60 percent of the space originally assigned to it, it features two geodesic domes that have been on the trade show circuit for decades. As *Progressive Architecture* commented, “The time-worn domes on [the] vast site . . . will imply a tired nation with little interest in the rest of the world.” The domes will be filled with two no-win exhibits—one will house Rhode Island's copy of the Bill of Rights and the other General Motors cars and a scintillating film produced by that company.

The American pavilion will be outshone not only by the Europeans, but also by pavilions from Canada, Japan, New Zealand, Saudi Arabia, Hungary, and even Puerto Rico. New Zealand, next door to the United States, is housed in a building that mimics the craggy rocks that Captain Cook first saw when he discovered Australia. Canada's main structure is covered by 3,200 Canadian zinc panels, and Hungary's is a wooden, hand-

crafted replica of a fifteenth-century rural church.

How the American exhibit degenerated into a pathetic twin peaks is a parable of how American government and business cannot conduct themselves internationally. The trouble started with the exhibition's architecture. Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, and Mies van der Rohe produced epoch-making architecture for past expositions. Buckminster Fuller introduced his geodesic dome at the American exhibition at the 1967 Montreal world's fair. In 1988, when the United States signed up for the exposition, the administration appeared committed to presenting the best of American architecture.

In 1989 nine blueprints were submitted to a panel of architects. The panel chose an arresting design by New Mexico architect Antoine Predock. But the USIA vetoed Predock in favor of a less ambitious proposal from the Los Angeles firm Barton Meyers. The USIA preferred Barton Meyers's pavilion because it could be more easily modified if it proved too expensive. Yet Barton Meyers's design had its strong points. Two exhibition buildings straddled a large garden that allowed visitors to walk through the history of American landscape, from the prehistoric forest to the city plaza.

The Barton Meyers plan was originally slated to cost \$12 million, well below the \$45 million that the Reagan administration allocated for the pavilion. But in 1989 Iowa Representative Neal Smith, the chair of the commerce subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee, blocked any funding for Expo '92. Smith, whose attitude toward Expo '92 typified that of a small-town Jaycee, maintained that the fair was a waste of money. Even though the government had funded successful American exhibitions in Montreal in 1967 and Osaka in 1970, Smith insisted that business pay its way in Seville.

After a year of wrangling, Smith finally relented and allocated \$13 million for the exhibition on the condition that private corporations contribute another \$13 million. But by then the costs of construction in Seville had shot up. When the USIA asked for bids, no American construction company was interested, and the lowest bid by a Spanish company was \$26 million. At this point, the new commissioner for the American pavilion, Frederick Bush (no relation) junked the Barton Meyers scheme in favor of the vinyl-covered geodesic domes.

Bush, who had raised \$150 million for George Bush's campaigns, then set out to raise corporate contributions to fill the domes. To his amazement, Bush found that American corporations were unwilling to appear as sponsors because they didn't want to be identified as “American.” Such companies as Time-Warner, CNN, and Dupont, Bush says, “considered themselves global and transnational and didn't want to be pegged as an American company.” The companies told Bush that “the products they sell will not be seen as high quality if they are seen as American-made”—surely a classic example of exonerating the perpetrator.

Bush also failed to get American companies to participate in the exhibits. Since the first universal exhibition,

countries have used these occasions to introduce their latest technology. In 1851, for instance, the United States unveiled the sewing machine, the mass-produced Colt revolver, and the McCormick reaper. But when Bush tried to recruit the winners of the Commerce Department's Malcolm Baldrige Quality Award to occupy one dome with a "Quest for Quality" Hall, most of the companies told him they weren't interested. Bush couldn't even get an American restaurant to offer food on the pavilion grounds. He had to settle for a Canadian firm.

One could contrast America's approach with Japan's. Whereas the United States put the second-string USA rather than the Commerce Department in charge of the exhibit, the Japanese gave responsibility for the project to the powerful Ministry of International Trade and Industry. The Bush administration appointed as its commissioner a former fundraiser who could not win confirmation as ambassador to Luxembourg, having been named in the HUD scandal. By comparison, the Japanese appointed Sony chairman Akio Morita, perhaps the best-known Japanese industrialist in the world.

MITI spent \$50 million on its pavilion, designed by one of the country's most respected architects, Tadao Ando. It will be the world's largest wooden structure (built largely from Oregon pines). Based on a traditional Japanese home, it also evokes the sweep and promise of an ark. In addition, Japanese companies are expected to contribute millions more for the exhibits inside. And the Japanese hired the Spanish subsidiary of a Japanese construction company to do the work. This multifaceted strategy is exactly the kind that American business and government haven't learnt to master. The looming fiasco in Seville is a symbol of more than bad taste. •

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY

SPOTTY RECORD

By Robert Bazell

As an example of how irrationality and the quest for profits can escalate the price of medical care, consider simple old chicken pox. The disease already costs American parents who stay home with spotty children (who are not even contagious) almost \$400 million a year in lost income. And now, in order to increase the sales of its drug Acyclovir, generally used as a treatment for genital herpes, the Burroughs Wellcome company is asking the Food and Drug Administration for permission to market it for children with chicken pox. FDA approval would add

hundreds of millions of dollars a year to our health care bill in exchange for some minor benefits and substantial risks.

Almost every American child gets chicken pox. That amounts to 3.5 million cases a year. Unlike measles and many other viral illnesses, chicken pox virtually never results in serious complications in young, healthy children. The disease can be more severe in children with chronic illnesses and older people, especially pregnant women. Thus most pediatricians advise parents to allow their children to be exposed and become infected so that they can gain lifelong immunity at a young age.

Once an episode of chicken pox runs its course, the virus remains in the body for life, usually in a harmless, inert form. Occasionally in adults it reemerges as herpes zoster, or shingles, an extraordinarily painful and often debilitating rash. Shingles most often strikes people with inadequate immune systems such as those with AIDS or patients undergoing chemotherapy for cancer. But it can occur in healthy individuals as well, particularly the elderly. A vaccine exists to prevent infection with chicken pox, but the FDA has been reluctant to approve it for general use because of the fear that because the vaccine is made from a live virus it could bring on more shingles infections in later life than natural bouts of chicken pox would.

Most pharmaceutical executives can only fantasize about finding three and a half million new customers every year for one of their products. But Acyclovir has proved effective for treating shingles, and thus arose the idea at Burroughs Wellcome of treating the primary infection of chicken pox in children. To investigate Acyclovir for chicken pox, the company sponsored a double-blind placebo-controlled study of 815 children diagnosed with chicken pox at ten university medical centers across the country. The study found that though the drug does not cure the disease, it lessens the severity—somewhat. Those taking Acyclovir had one day less fever on average. And, on average, kids on the drug got 294 spots compared with 347 for those who took the placebo. That may not sound like dramatic results, and indeed many experts who have looked at the data say they are not. But the study persuaded the committee on antiviral drugs that advises the FDA commissioner, David Kessler, to recommend approval.

During the committee's deliberation, however, some experts dissented strongly. The studies of Acyclovir in children so far have revealed no serious side effects. But if the drug were given to every child with chicken pox, effects unnoticed in relatively small studies could quickly emerge. "We have absolutely no idea what will happen when we give this drug to millions of children. Except for aspirin, there are no drugs given in such large numbers to healthy people," argues Dr. Monto Ho of the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center. Another concern: doctors have discovered strains of the genital herpes virus resistant to Acyclovir, and there is every reason to believe the same thing could happen with the

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chicken pox virus. "Then," Ho says, "we might have no treatment" for people with shingles or for sick children who might develop serious complications from chicken pox. (If Acyclovir is used only for children with chicken pox at risk for serious complications, it is unlikely a resistant virus would emerge.) And no one knows whether treatment for childhood chicken pox with Acyclovir will increase the chances of developing shingles later in life. "The benefit of one day less illness is simply not worth the enormous risk. We would be carrying out an experiment using all the children in America as the subjects," Ho says.

And Acyclovir is not cheap. Burroughs Wellcome, which has received continuing complaints about the price of its anti-AIDS drug AZT, has set the price so that the dose for each child with chicken pox would cost about \$40. That price multiplied by three and a half million would only be a portion of the cost to society. Now most children with chicken pox do not see the doctor, since there is no treatment other than bed rest. "A responsible pediatrician does not prescribe an antibiotic without seeing the child, so no one would be giving out a strong drug like Acyclovir without an office visit," says Dr. Andrew Wisenthal of the Kaiser Permanente health plan in Denver. Thus if Acyclovir were to become the standard of care, another result would be three and a half million more visits to doctors every year. This could overwhelm many public clinics and health maintenance organizations such as Kaiser. In addition to the price of the office visits, more sick children and adults susceptible to complications would be exposed to the chicken pox virus in the doctor's office, resulting in still more illness and more cost.

A far more sensible step would be to keep kids with chicken pox home for less time. In most cases they are sick for a few days, but the spots linger for a week or so. Almost every school and day care center in the country requires that children stay home for at least a week after the spots appear. (In some states it is written into the law.) But, as Dr. Paul Brunell of UCLA pointed out in a recent editorial in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, children are most infectious before the spots break out, so keeping them home does nothing to stop the spread of the disease. Superstition, not science, dictates our public health policy. Parents miss work to stay home with kids who, although they have spots on their faces, feel fine and pose no risk to anyone.

FDA advisory panels, including the one that approved Acyclovir, are prohibited from considering cost in reaching their decisions. Kessler, who will make the final decision, faces no such restriction. And whatever the FDA's action, we could all learn that children recovering from chicken pox with a few spots on their faces present no danger to their friends in school. Moms and dads should be free to return to work.

ROBERT BAZELL is the science correspondent for *NBC News*.

The '90s and the '20s.

RERUN SEASON

By Niall Ferguson

We all know Marx's old line that history repeats itself—first tragedy, then farce. There is no shortage of farce in Central Europe today, from the Polish Beer Drinkers' Party to the emergence of Minsk as a capital of the new world order. But which tragedy is it that we are seeing repeated? For the historically minded, this parlor game provides hours of fun—just as it used to amuse George Kennan and Henry Kissinger to think that American foreign policy-makers in the 1960s and 1970s could learn something from Bismarck's antics one hundred years before.

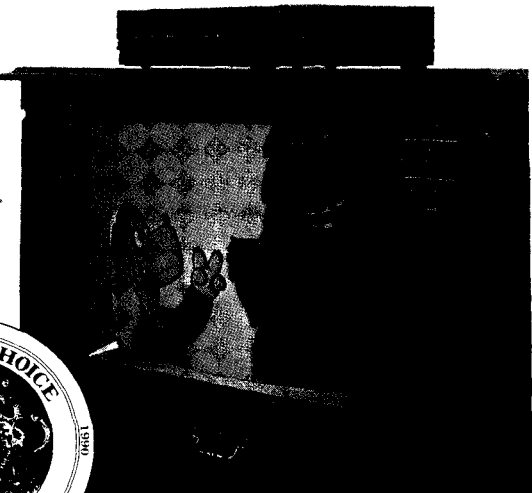
First, the wrong answers. Many sensible people who witnessed the extraordinary scenes in the cities of Eastern Europe two years ago concluded that they were a rerun of 1848. Here, it seemed, was a second "springtime of the nations," with heroic crowds of intellectuals, workers, and peasants challenging the despotism of Marx just as others had challenged the despotism of Metternich. Certainly the combination of liberal and nationalist objectives seemed familiar, as did the social heterogeneity of the revolutionaries (with Vaclav Havel a figure out of Namier's *Revolution of the Intellectuals*). And one couldn't discount the chance that, as in 1848 (and 1956 and 1968), the Russian military steamroller would crush the revolutions.

But 1989 was not 1848. The Russians were not prepared to intervene as they did in Hungary in June 1849. Havel and Co. did not have to seek refuge in London like the young Marx of 1848. And the geography was different. True, Leipzig and Prague saw crowds in the streets, as in 1989; and there were stirrings in Romania too. But 1848 began in Paris, swept Italy from Milan to Sicily, and had its greatest failure at Frankfurt. It was as much a Western European as an Eastern or Central European phenomenon.

Another parallel took the place of 1848 as the pressures for German reunification grew irresistible in 1989. 1870-71. In this scenario, Helmut Kohl was the second Bismarck, seizing the moment to restore the great economic and political power that had dominated Central Europe until 1945. In his opportunism, Kohl had a self-consciously Bismarckian air, but the resemblance ends there. This was unification by paper—truckloads of Deutschmarks—not iron and blood. And no fourth Reich emerged. Historically speaking, Saxony, Mecklenburg, and Brandenburg had been reunited with the

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Rhineland, Hanover, Bavaria, Baden, and Württemberg. The East Germany of Bismarck's day—Pomerania, Posen, East and West Prussia, and Silesia—remains almost entirely Polish, with Kant's great city of Königsberg a Russian navy base renamed after Lenin's crony Kalinin. The borders stayed rock solid and the immigrants poured in: precisely the reverse of 1871.

What is more, far from concentrating German power, Chancellor Kohl seems intent on dissolving it into a multinational United States of Europe. Indeed, Kohl's earnest vision of a federal Europe, governed so that the functions of government are as far as possible devolved to the local and regional levels, brings to mind not so much Bismarck's Reich as the Holy Roman Empire. Back to the future, then: from the Treaty of Westphalia (1648) to the Treaty of Maastricht?

A more plausible parallel that crossed many minds this year was 1914, as trouble in the Balkans threatened to escalate into a major conflagration. Serbs and Croats insist they are settling scores dating back to the Second World War, when the Croatian Ustasha did its murderous worst on Hitler's side. But that bloodbath was no more than a by-product of Hitler's war. A more satisfactory parallel is with the 1913 conflict between Serbia and Bulgaria. Certainly, like that conflict, today's Serbo-Croatian conflict threatens to spread—into Albania, if Serbian troops turn on the Albanian enclave; into Bulgaria, if Macedonia becomes a theater of conflict; and possibly into Hungary, since so many Hungarians live in the Serbian-controlled territory of Vojvodina. But the chances of this escalating into a July Crisis in 1992 seem remote. Whereas in 1914 the Balkans was an area of vital strategic importance to Austria-Hungary, Russia, Germany, and even Britain, today it is just a low-grade holiday destination. For all the German pressure for the EC to recognize Croatian independence, there will never be the will to intervene militarily, and the most likely outcome must be a full-scale Serbian invasion, followed by a redrawing of borders, followed by continued terrorism by the losers. It will be Ulster with Kalashnikovs and without the British intervention.

If not 1848, 1870, 1914, or 1941, then when? For my money, the tragedy we are about to relive as farce is 1918 and its aftermath. The essential point of comparison is, of course, the collapse of the Russian Empire. August 1991 provided an appropriate curtain-raiser: with Mr. Gorbachev as an enfeebled Kerensky, Marshal Yazov as a tremulous Kornilov, and Boris Yeltsin as a bibulous Lenin—the demagogue who seizes his chance after a botched military coup. As in 1917 the crisis in Moscow and St. Petersburg has unleashed a chain reaction throughout the Russian Empire. The new Russian government says (as it said in 1918) that it believes in self-determination for the other nationalities; and (as in 1918) they duly hoist their own flags of independence: Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Byelorussia, Ukraine. What came next the first time around was economic collapse and civil war—followed by a gradual reassertion of Russian control.

Of course, this time Russia has not been defeated in a war; the economy, though grave, is not as bad as 1918; and the Russians lack the ruthless ideology of Bolshevism. But these may not prove significant. From an economic point of view, it is enough that for years more than 20 percent of Soviet GNP has been devoted to defense: the financial and monetary consequences are the same as if there had been a war. Like its czarist forbear, the Soviet Union, having borrowed to the limit internationally, has washed itself away in a deluge of paper rubles (80 billion printed in 1991 alone), generated by the spiraling budget deficits at all levels of the system; and, as in 1918, Russia and its ex-empire are well on the way to hyperinflation. A Polish-style package can save the day for everyone only if sovereignty can extend beyond Russia's borders, and for all the rhetoric of the Commonwealth, that looks unlikely. The area in which the Yeltsin reforms apply is likely to shrink by the day, as the republics and then the autonomous regions secede to avoid the pain of stabilization. Today the ruble; tomorrow the Ukrainian hryvnia; and the day after that, the Georgian marchili. If past experience is any guide, the new states will simply add to the output of depreciating paper until the printing presses give out. Then it will only remain to carve up the Red Army, a process already begun by Leonid Kravchuk in Ukraine, and decide by force of arms how many of the large Russian minorities in the other Republics are going to be cut off from the Motherland. The progression from depreciated banknotes to disputed borders seems all too inevitable.

What can we do? In 1918 General Eric Ludendorff believed he had the answer: he marched to within 120 miles of St. Petersburg, then bullied the Kaiser into establishing a tame "hetman" called Skoropadsky in Ukraine and turning Lithuania, Estonia, and Latvia (then Courland and Livonia) into German-controlled grand duchies. It didn't last; and in the succeeding twenty years it was left to Stalin to restore it all to Russia. It is instructive to reflect on what the Western powers did in the same period. The United States withdrew into diplomatic, if not economic, isolation. The French attempted by economic means to limit the threat posed by Germany. The British worried about sterling and the Empire. And in 1929 capitalism crashed. No serious attempt was made to stabilize the economic and political systems of the new nation-states of 1918, so that when Hitler and Stalin set to work in 1939, there was only one democracy left: Czechoslovakia. Now, what could be more redolent of the 1920s than President Bush's current worries about other people's armaments (Washington 1921); Prime Minister Major's pegging of the pound (London 1925); and President Mitterrand's hopes of West European integration (Geneva 1929)?

Happy old year, everybody.

NIALI FERGUSON is a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge.

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THE POLITICS OF SELF

By Sidney Blumenthal

Senator Bob Kerrey's presidential announcement appeared golden, as if it were an illustration in a storybook. With the great plains of Nebraska stretching out in the distance, the native son stood in the brilliant September sunlight before the dome of the statehouse in Lincoln, where he had served as an immensely popular governor, surrounded by his beaming teenaged children, his divorced but supportive wife, and a worshipful crowd of thousands.

Since 1988 the truism that the presidential election turns on the personality of the candidate has become a tenet desperately held by Democrats. And with good reason. Many of the party's agonies can be traced to the convolutions of personality helplessly displayed by the candidates in the last round and, just weeks ago, by Mario Cuomo. The compulsions of Gary Hart, especially, led to the cult of the "character" issue, which in turn led to Michael Dukakis, who strained to suppress even the slightest tic of idiosyncrasy to achieve a supreme dullness. If only, goes the speculation, the Democrats could find a candidate of character, they would be compensated for what was so grievously missing last time.

Into this vacuum has dropped a lone individual, beyond the ordinary demands of daily life. The compelling story of this real American hero, the winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor, is his single greatest asset. Bob Kerrey's campaign is not about "ideology"—it's about biography. But the assumptions of September 1991, when he entered the race, have already been overthrown. Back then, Bush's reelection was the dominant principle. The president was cruising on a sea of popularity. On this calm surface there was room for a Democratic challenger who, by showing ambition in 1992, would become the front-runner for the true Democratic opening in 1996. For many Democrats who had already conceded 1992 the point was not really winning; it was losing well. So Kerrey's entrance evoked a sense of gratitude that at last an attractive young figure, unlike such timorous ones as Dick Gephardt, Al Gore, and Jay Rockefeller, was willing to take a risk. He would put up an aggressive, graceful fight to redeem the Democrats' self-respect.

But as the candidate has traveled around the country he has failed to galvanize the excited response that

many had anticipated. His rhetoric often soars into blind alleys of vagueness or abstraction; his programs are a combination of the detailed and the spotty; his message, jumping daily from issue to issue, is wildly diffuse. He has a disarming charm, a kind of appealing diffidence, that nonetheless distances him. It is not that he seems to be hiding something so much as he seems to be responding to inner murmurs. He laughs often and unexpectedly, always in response to some absurdity (like Jerry Brown's hyperventilations), a small, uncontrollable gesture of sanity in an insane universe.

"He's turning off about half the people he speaks to," said an influential Democrat in Los Angeles who helped arrange forums for him. "Well, not exactly 'turning off,' but not turning on. They were there for him, and they were disappointed." Those who came to be drawn to him can't quite express what is lacking; they simply don't feel themselves pulled along with him in a quickening political moment. With Bush faltering and the possibility of a Democrat in the White House not unimaginable, the demands on candidates have risen proportionally. And this has raised the level of expectation and impatience.

Kerrey lacks a theme except himself. In order to trigger a chemical reaction with Democrats, he still has to relate his heroism to more than his personal drama. "You mean," he asked me half-jokingly, when I suggested this, "the country has a limp?" But he went on: "I agree. Part of it is that, just to . . . try in a short period of time to describe, first of all, the world, and describe where I think we ought to go in that world, and to simultaneously do it in a way that gives people a sense that we can get it done, that we can do it—it's hard." But knowing is not doing. The bridge must be politics, a process about which Kerrey is deeply ambivalent. He seems to grasp politics only in his own private terms.

In his description of the state of the nation under Bush, Kerrey casts Bush as inadequate as the patrol leader on a dangerous mission into uncharted territory. "One of the worst feelings is to be forced to go on a voyage somewhere and not know where you're going," he said. "You're going with me on a patrol, and I say, you're going to go out with me tonight and we're going to leave and we're going to go out and we're going to come back in three or four days. You'd say, where are

we going? I'd say, I can't tell you. You'd get very frustrated. That's where we are right now." Kerrey's description of Bush is telling precisely because it is thinly veiled autobiography. Bush's failure is in the primeval Kerrey role, the one in which Kerrey won his medal: the president as Leatherstocking. Kerrey's critique of Bush's leadership, however, is an inadvertent account of his own flaws as a primary candidate.

In the short time since he's announced, Kerrey has sprayed out a series of programmatic proposals. Some of them are cogent, if unexceptional—the creation of a Multilateral Trade Organization to establish

rules for international trade, and a civilian version of the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, which researched high technology for the Pentagon until the Bush administration gutted it because it smacked of an industrial policy. But Kerrey is scrambling to learn his subjects. He has acknowledged the ending of the Cold War and the crisis of economic decline, but he has not advanced a diagnosis much beyond routine criticism of Reagan and Bush; he has no commanding intellectual formulation. Apart from his elaborate proposal for a national health insurance plan (inspired by his own medical shock), he hasn't devoted himself to policy-making. Unlike Gary Hart, Kerrey (who delivered the nominating speech for Hart at the 1984 convention) did not attempt to prepare a campaign around policies before he entered. His decision to announce his candidacy was almost made on the spot when he heard Bush's wavering first response to the Soviet coup: an overheated impulse, his melange of underdeveloped themes flowing from his quicksilver desire.

As the candidate has hurriedly tried to erect a policy scaffolding around him, the political side has crumbled. The very first event within his campaign was the departure of his policy director and speechwriter, Jeremy Rosner, over confusion about his role. (His position has not yet been filled.) Kerrey has had a number of discussions with Washington's reserve army

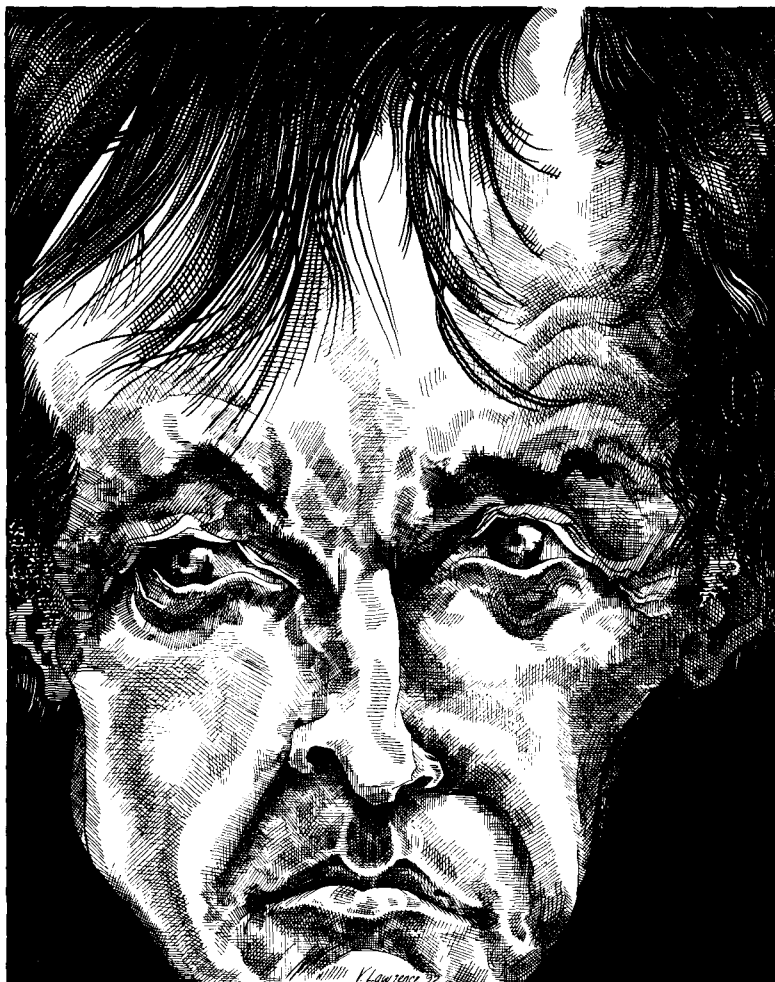
of policy analysts, but he has no intellectual alter ego—no Hopkins, no Sorensen. Candidate Kerrey has run as his own sovereign republic. "He is so special that people are reluctant to handle him in any way," says a Democratic politico who has dealt with him. And just before Christmas, Kerrey's campaign slipped into its own vacuum. The campaign chairman (Kerrey's former administrative assistant) was shunted aside and the director (the former Hart New Hampshire coordinator) suddenly forced out. Still in search of its own rationale, the campaign had to start over with about fifty days to New Hampshire.

But the message throughout has been the story of Bob Kerrey. His identity, in the beginning, was handed to him. He lived in an eternal Midwestern America, one of seven children in a fairly prosperous middle-class Republican family. The handsome, popular Bob went to the University of Nebraska, where he became president of his fraternity and aspired to be a pharmacist. Faced with the interruption of the draft, he volunteered for the Navy. When a recruiting squad for the Seals, an elite group of commandos, showed up, Kerrey decided to join. On March 14, 1969, he led a seven-man team up a 350-foot cliff on Hon Tre island in Vietnam to ambush North Vietnamese soldiers. In the attack,

a grenade exploded against his leg, after which he calmly directed the battle, overwhelming the enemy, and didn't lose a single man.

Kerrey's identity was shattered, and he now had to create a new one for himself. "How much did they take?" he asked his mother, when he awoke in the hospital after his mangled leg had been amputated. "There's so much left," she replied. In the recovery ward in the Philadelphia Naval Hospital, he was bitter and stoic, angry and madcap. It took him nine months to learn to walk again. When he went to the White House to get his medal, what he most remembered was that Richard Nixon had bad breath.

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DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Careless Kerrey

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

In 124 years as a state, Nebraska so far has produced only two national leaders of note, both renegades—William Jennings Bryan, the prairie populist, and George Norris, father of the Tennessee Valley Authority. For most of its history Nebraska has been run by orthodox, farm-belt Republicans, and as GOP national committee-man Duane Acklie puts it, “We Nebraska Republicans are pretty dull. . . . Come to think of it, most people in Nebraska are typically pretty dull.”

Into this excitement-starved landscape came Robert Kerrey in 1982, a 39-year-old war hero and businessman with no political experience but loads of charm and ideas for Nebraska education, its environment, and economy. Opposition Republicans froth with envy over Kerrey’s political success and his “charisma,” “magic,” “vigor,” and “fun.” But they also allege he got very little done as governor and has done even less as a senator. And they charge that he has been given a pass by the press and the public for conduct that—as former Republican chairman Kermit Brashear put it—“if an old, fat, bald Republican did it, would be called corruption.”

Corruption may be too strong a word, since no one has proved any wrongdoing—let alone illegality. But there is a pattern—dating back to college and extending up to the present—of what Republican National Chairman Clayton Yeutter, a Nebraskan and no friend of Kerrey’s, calls “incredibly careless public behavior.”

The earliest incident, utterly trivial except that it is part of the pattern, occurred in 1965 when Kerrey was on the student council at the University of Nebraska. The council sold merchandise discount cards to students and ads on the cards to merchants. Kerrey was discovered pocketing proceeds from the ads—a total of \$380. A row ensued and a hearing was held by the student council judiciary committee. Kerrey was cleared, and allowed to keep the

money, based on testimony that the rules for disposing of profits were not clear. His status as one of the biggest men on campus also allegedly played a role in his absolution.

Kerrey’s record is rife with apparent conflicts of interest, but he has rarely been called to account for them. He benefits from adulatory coverage by the state’s major newspaper, the *Omaha World-Herald*, whose publisher is an old college chum. He rarely gets critical attention from the next-biggest papers either, the *Lincoln Journal* and *Star*, one of whose six directors, William L. Wright, was one of Kerrey’s closest cronies, also since college.

Wright chaired Kerrey’s 1982 campaign, and after the election he ran the transition office, helping to pick cabinet officers. Kerrey later appointed him to the board of the Nebraska Investment Finance Authority, which then approved a low-interest loan to a Kerrey-owned health club. Wright was Kerrey’s friend, business partner, personal financial adviser, and an adviser on state finance. His law firm also advised the state banking department—even though Wright was a major owner of the under-capitalized and shaky State Security Savings Co., which was regulated by the state.

According to Kerrey’s two former chiefs of staff, W. Don Nelson and William Hoppner, and to documents filed in a recent lawsuit, Wright was involved in giving advice on how the state should handle a rival institution, Commonwealth Savings Co. (The extent and content of that advice is in dispute.) Commonwealth was shut down by the state in November 1983. Its assets were seized and its owners prosecuted for fraud, convicted, and sent to jail. In July 1984 the state was also planning to close down Wright’s State Security, but at the last minute Wright filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy, permitting him to protect his assets. He subsequently moved to California.

Kerrey critics allege that Wright got off easy because of his friendship with Kerrey. In 1987 the Nebraska legislature’s banking committee found that both Commonwealth and State Security were “milked and drained” of funds

by their owners, causing losses to depositors, and that the diversion of funds at State Security was “more sophisticated and skillful” than at Commonwealth. The committee drew no conclusions about whether Wright should have been prosecuted, or whether he benefited from his relationship with Kerrey.

The panel did say it found “no irregularities or improprieties” in Kerrey’s personal financial relationship with State Security, which included a loan worth \$2.4 million to American Investment Group, a Kerrey-Wright enterprise that bought a small mall, Shoppers Fair. Previous owners of the mall charged that they were forced to sell at cut-rate, or Wright would foreclose on other mortgages they held. Another group of Nebraska legislators indicated it believed Wright may have acted illegally in diverting a \$200,000 fee connected with the AIG purchase from his asset-short savings institution to a holding company he controlled. But Kerrey’s administration didn’t prosecute.

William Hoppner, Kerrey’s presidential campaign chairman, told me that the Commonwealth and State Security collapses and the AIG purchase were both “thoroughly investigated” by state, county, and federal officials, and that Kerrey “came up clean.” W. Don Nelson, who succeeded Hoppner as chief of staff, says that Wright did advise Kerrey on Commonwealth, and that “this got [Kerrey] into trouble” politically. Kerrey himself admitted in a 1990 interview with the *Omaha World-Herald* that he made “many mistakes” in handling Nebraska’s S&L crises, that he was “new to politics” at the time, and that he might be “somewhat vulnerable” if he tried to use the federal S&L debacle as a campaign issue against George Bush. He admitted to appearances of impropriety in his dealings with Wright and said he had been forced to sever their relationship.

But examples of dubious conduct keep springing up. Last December the weekly *Midlands Business Journal*—one of the few publications that dogs Kerrey—disclosed that in 1989 he speculated at least seventeen times in cattle futures despite his membership on the

Senate Agriculture Committee. There is no evidence that Kerrey used inside information or his power over farm prices to enrich himself, and he cancelled the contract with his broker when it became clear there were questions about a conflict of interest. Hoppner said the contract amounted to \$15,000, but the *Midlands Business Journal* quoted Kerrey's broker as saying that this sum was used as margin for investments of at least \$200,000.

Yet another case of possible impropriety is the funding of Kerrey's Prairie Life Center, a fitness club in Lincoln. According to the *Journal*, in 1982 Kerrey had such financing problems that charter members were told they would get their deposits refunded. In 1983 one of Kerrey's first legislative priorities was to combine existing state bonding authorities overseeing agricultural, home-building, and industrial loans into a single new agency, NIFA, with added power to back commercial ventures. Kerrey appointed the NIFA board, including Wright, and one of its first actions was to approve a \$2.55 million, below-prime loan to Prairie Life, which soon prospered.

In response to Republican charges of conflicts of interest, Kerrey told reporters in 1984 that he was considering putting all his business holdings into a blind trust. In fact, he established a "business trust" controlled by his brother-in-law (and partner in Prairie Life) and his sister, which would permit him to know what transactions were taking place in his name. No one has ever proved that Kerrey used influence to secure the NIFA loan, but Republicans continue to charge impropriety. Kerrey aides say that NIFA's board had no discretion in deciding whether to grant loan approval for a qualified applicant such as Prairie Life, and that the only way for the venture to have avoided criticism would be for Kerrey's brother-in-law, Dean Rasmussen, to have forgone low-interest financing, an untenable business decision.

Kerrey himself has used the trust arrangement to disclaim personal responsibility for recent allegations that two of his restaurant chains are non-

union, provide health insurance to only a small minority of his 780 employees (although national health care is the chief item on Kerrey's presidential platform), and were found guilty of 106 child labor law violations (mainly for overworking 15-year-olds) and fined \$64,000. Rasmussen has backed Kerrey's claim that he is not involved in management of the restaurants, but it is hard to believe that Kerrey does not know whether his professed ideals are being carried out in his own business.

Another case. Prior to the 1982 election Kerrey's predecessor, Charles Thone, promised big banks that he would champion the establishment of bank holding companies, allowing them to open several branches around the state. Thone reneged, however, siding with small banks, which wanted to avoid the competition. In the campaign Kerrey took Thone's old stance. At the time Kerrey also was short of funds, so he borrowed \$229,000. After the election special interests flocked to help the winner repay his debts (as is the unsavory custom in Nebraska), with no limit on the size of contributions. In the forefront: Nebraska's major banks. Bankers also joined Kerrey's Governor's Executive Council—memberships purchasable at \$1,000, entitling the donor to attend special events with Kerrey and to receive his newsletter. As governor, Kerrey proposed reforms in several areas, but campaign finance and government ethics were not among them. "Somehow," observes Bob Hoig, editor of the *Midlands Business Journal*, "Kerrey is always standing around when questionable things are happening. You'd expect that somebody with presidential ambitions would stay miles away from this stuff, but he's always there."

Kerrey also has a record of waffling—and occasionally dissembling. In 1986 he made a speech in Alaska declaring, "I became a Democrat because of John F. Kennedy and I stayed one because of Richard Nixon." However, then-Republican state chairman John Gale unearthed records showing that Kerrey registered as a Republican in October 1964, and did not become a Democrat until October

13, 1978, long after Nixon was gone. Kerrey didn't deny the facts. "I consider other things to be more important than what political party I'm part of," he said at a press conference. He said he hadn't thought much about political parties before deciding to run for governor in 1982, but, "I feel closer with and identify more with the ideals of the Democratic Party."

Now most of his positions are orthodox Democrat. He advocates national health insurance, a middle-class tax cut, and legislation to make abortion legal in the event that the Supreme Court overturns *Roe v. Wade*. However, in 1982, Kerrey wrote a Nebraska Right to Life leader, State Senator Bernice Labedz, "I believe the unborn to be human life and entitled to the protections the state can legally offer for the preservation of life." He also opposed public funding for abortions and supported parental notification for minors seeking abortions, positions he has since reversed. "My position has evolved," he told one interviewer.

Kerrey does have talent. By all accounts, he lobbied legislators brilliantly. He managed budgets like a businessman, cutting government costs without making victims feel he was enjoying the process (the university system excepted). And he has Nebraska charmed. He once promised to put the state's teachers' pay in the top 10 percent of the nation, and, although it remained 42nd out of 50 states, the teachers' union still loves him. Nebraska is a patriotic state, home of the Strategic Air Command, but Kerrey still got away with trying (unsuccessfully) to block the Nebraska National Guard from training in Honduras, asserting he did not want to place it under the "command" of CIA Director William Casey, ostensibly for use against Nicaragua. In spite of everything, people here seem mesmerized by his war-hero image. In electing a president, however, the country and the Democrats need to look beyond his medal and into Kerrey's full record. Sad to say, it's tarnished.

MORTON KONDRACK

Back in Nebraska, Kerrey discovered the rudiments of a political identity when the strolling troubadour of liberalism, Allard Lowenstein, wandered through town. Lowenstein was a seminal figure in the history of modern American liberalism—a bridge between the protest movements and the Democratic Party. He saw his role as channeling youthful activists toward electoral politics, away from the brackish waters of sectarian leftism. Conversely, his intention was also to give the party new sources of energy. In 1964 he helped to set up the Mississippi Freedom Summer project. In 1967 and 1968 he organized the Dump Johnson movement, which brought Eugene McCarthy and then Robert Kennedy into the primaries. Lowenstein became a congressman himself, representing Long Island. But in 1979 he was murdered by a psychotic ex-recruit. Lowenstein was the last martyr of the 1960s.

Kerrey was exactly the sort of straight-arrow protester Lowenstein was looking for. By chance, recalled Kerrey, “I went and listened to him speak and thought that this guy has got a great idea: We can register all these 18-year-olds and they’ll vote against Nixon.” Kerrey trooped around the country for a while with him, “a traveling road show,” gaining his first political lessons. “The thing that Lowenstein taught me,” said Kerrey, “was a sense that you had to fight for these things. You really had to organize the fight. Otherwise you lose.” But Kerrey viewed his experience with the fiercely partisan Lowenstein as “nonpartisan,” somehow above mere politics.

Back home, Kerrey went into business with his brother-in-law, opening a chain of restaurants called Grandma’s, serving ersatz home cooking. The company then built a chain of successful health clubs. In 1982 Kerrey ran for governor during a recession, and he heroically beat the incumbent Republican by a hair. Kerrey’s persona, which transcended party categories, easily fit the state, where the electorate is homogenous, parties roughly matched, and campaigns mostly waged over a bland center.

The new governor had to preside over a period of austerity: mandating cuts, balancing tight budgets, and raising a temporary sales tax. But Kerrey’s informal style—playing softball, frequenting jazz clubs, one-legged marathoning—captivated the public. His sometimes casual policy-making enhanced his image of independence. The most notable event of his tenure came when the film *Terms of Endearment* began shooting in the state capital. Kerrey fell in love with the leading lady, Debra Winger, and she took up residence in the governor’s mansion with him. But when Winger broke up with him, he seemed bereft. Rather than running for another term, he retreated to the University of California at Santa Barbara, where he taught a course on the Vietnam War. In 1988 the state party lured him back to Nebraska to run for the U.S. Senate against an appointed Republican incumbent. Kerrey’s opponent, David Karnes, self-destructed by saying, in a depressed farm state, “We need fewer farmers at this point in

time.” Kerrey won handily. At his victory rally he sang, a capella, “Waltzing Matilda,” a long lament of an Australian soldier who lost a leg in World War I and, when he returned home, wished he were dead: “And who’ll go waltzing Matilda with me?” Kerrey finished to stunned silence. At the moment of triumph, he had hushed the crowd with a completely personal act.

In the Senate the issues that thrust Kerrey into prominence cast him into his past. The first of these was a constitutional amendment to ban flag burning, proposed by President Bush after a Supreme Court decision ruled it a form of free speech. Kerrey first supported the measure, but after some reflection, opposed it. In *The Washington Post*, he wrote: “Chief Justice Rehnquist, in his disappointing dissent, asserts that men and women fought for our flag in Vietnam. In my case I do not remember feeling this way. . . . In the short time that I was there I don’t remember giving the safety of our flag anywhere near the thought that I gave the safety of my men.” In the end, the Democrats mustered enough votes to stop the Bush flag offensive.

Kerrey then traveled on a fact-finding mission to Cambodia and Vietnam. In Hanoi he confronted Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach. “I like to let the dreamers dream,” said the senator, alluding to the suppression of liberty. “Only at night,” replied Thach. “Day and night,” Kerrey retorted. According to Dennis Farney of *The Wall Street Journal*, who accompanied him, “For Mr. Kerrey, this trip was as much a journey of the self as it was a fact-finding mission—a chance to further integrate and apply his Vietnam experience.”

Another opportunity soon appeared when Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait. Kerrey dealt with the war less as a policy than as a personal dilemma. The crisis in the Gulf was conflated in his mind with the ending of the cold war and Vietnam. “My cold war experiences did not make me a passionate anti-communist,” he said in a floor speech on October 24, 1990. He had gone to Vietnam out of “a sense of duty.” When he returned, “I was consumed by anger toward leaders who promised peace with honor . . . and other noble-sounding disguises for their own political retreat.” But now, with the liberation of Eastern Europe, Kerrey said that his earlier “experience stands in sharp contrast to the verdict I have reached about the cold war. . . . We were right, across those decades, to commit our resources, to draw the line. . . . We are right, in the same way, to stand up to Saddam Hussein.” He backed the embargo of Iraq but was against firing “the first shot.”

In the immediate postwar euphoria, Kerrey hailed the victory, saying, “My nature will not allow me to be overwhelmed with self doubt.” And yet, if it turned out that the war was not about “individual freedom and liberty and justice” in the Arab states, then “the sweet taste of victory could become as bitter as the defeat in Vietnam.” Soon after, he began to attack George Bush for having justified a war of interest by manipulating high-flown

rhetoric about freedom. "The president misrepresented the facts," Kerrey told me. "And then, once again, tried to divide the country. You're either for me, or you're an appeaser. . . . I'm just trying to connect a number of arguments with the Vietnam experience." Thus the Gulf War fit Vietnam, and Bush had become Nixon.

Kerrey was at the first stage of an evolutionary ascent in national politics when, one after another, likely Democratic candidates ahead of him in line dropped out. The opening was alluring. Widespread public contempt for politics as usual and the demand for an outsider to overturn them appeared suited for Kerrey. But even more, his potential appeal within the Democratic Party lay in the mythic resonance of his biography. In it, Democrats might discern lineaments of Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy. FDR too had had to learn how to walk again. And his struggle with polio paralleled his effort to revive the country. JFK too had been a war hero. And the lieutenant's heroism was interpreted in the light of the long twilight struggle. Both men spoke of American politics in explicitly generational terms, but they were able to put their biographies to larger purposes because of their keen political intelligence. Roosevelt used his disability to offset his patrician distance. Kennedy used his heroism as one of his multiple identities: grandson of immigrants, Harvardian, and, for the benefit of Norman Mailer, existentialist.

"I want to lead America's fearless, restless voyage of generational progress," Kerrey said in his announcement speech. This boilerplate, to him, is a genuine sentiment. Kerrey, however, has resisted becoming a political character like FDR and JFK. Rather, he sees his politics fundamentally as an expression of a romantic idea of the self. He may be a representative man of the generation, but he views it as being composed of individual quests. Nowhere in his rhetoric can one find any concrete description of our generation as it is today—the children of the American Century in early middle age, stuck economically and in other ways, at that era's close. Kerrey has not suggested in any way what quality of experience has prepared the generation that rebelled against the Vietnam War in its youth to remake the country at the end of the cold war in its maturity. Instead, he stands apart in his voyage of individual authenticity. At what destiny, one wonders, will there be the rendezvous?

Kerrey, for his part, holds within him both parts of the generational divide, having fought in the war and then protested it. But the candidate has not placed his resolution within a broad, continuing narrative. Vietnam is the cynosure of his personal vision, but, though the war may be a wound that has not really healed for those who fought it and that still offers valuable lessons, it is not going to recur endlessly. To believe otherwise is to be as much held in thrall by it as Bush is by the cold war and World War II. (It's not surprising that Kerrey is supported by James Webb, the former secretary of the Navy under Reagan and a Vietnam vet-

eran, whose moralistic reaction against the Gulf War was similar to Kerrey's.) Further, as a purely political matter, if being a war hero were sufficient to election, Bush would be guaranteed his win. He was a hero in the Good War and the commander-in-chief during the Gulf War—fought, quite consciously, in the spirit of World War II, partly to exorcise the Vietnam syndrome. But none of the wars—good, bad, indifferent—is a salient political factor now because they have little relevance to secular economic decline and a new world order in utter confusion. Where has this left the warriors and their metaphors?

In the first nationally televised debate, in early December, Kerrey mentioned his war record at every opportunity, measuring everything every other candidate said by it. He was using the forum to acquaint the audience with his biography, but it remained disconnected from any larger message. The most dramatic moment came when he flared at Jerry Brown, who is running against the corruption of it all: "Are you saying I'm bought and paid for?" Brown had offended his sacrosanct sense of independence. Despite decent press notices for his debate performance, Kerrey had not resolved the problem at the heart of his candidacy: his politics of the self have not so far been wide enough or deep enough to create a new national politics. He is an insurgent who has not yet located a means of insurgency. The "fearless, restless voyage" has been, to this point, his alone.

On his way to New Hampshire recently, Kerrey visited the classroom of his longtime friend, the Harvard psychiatrist Robert Coles. There the candidate delivered a lecture on one of his favorite books, *The Moviegoer*, by Walker Percy. The book, published in 1960, is a *cri de coeur* of the Eisenhower years. Its protagonist is a veteran, just returned from Korea, in a state of suspension, on a private search for meaning and a role. Kerrey explains: "It's a never-ending search. The search is essentially that he's trying to discover his own purpose in life and develop his own conscience." But that purpose, following Percy, is wholly apolitical.

Kerrey, of course, is not some fictional figure. But like the moviegoer, he is stalled in his search. Now he is on a short, brutal, forced march: the presidential campaign is a new war for him. In a matter of weeks he faces New Hampshire. It is a state that lends itself to his independent appeal. "Live free or die," the Granite State's slogan, could be Kerrey's. What is mercilessly demanded is high political art to which authenticity and even the perfection of policies are subsidiary. Simply reshuffling his campaign personnel will not be enough for survival. Character may be fate but, as Al Lowenstein tried to teach him at the beginning, politics ain't beanbag. To become the agent of change that he envisages himself, Bob Kerrey must create an identity beyond the tightly guarded private one he built after Vietnam; for the glowing heroic biography is smothering the life out of his candidacy. •

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Troubled People

The bulk of Hollywood production is so contemptible that Lawrence Kasdan's occasional grabs at seriousness seem a respite. But that respite soon disintegrates, under the weight of his weightlessness.

When Kasdan buddies up to Large Subjects, as he did in *The Big Chill*, he makes tabby cats out of tigers. Like so many modern playwrights—Lanford Wilson, Steve Tesich, Michael Weller, et al.—he thinks that merely to address contemporary problems is to illuminate them. A dramaturgic law might be invoked: the dramatization of serious topics is rewarding in direct proportion to the writer's ability to see deeper than we can. Kasdan is one of the many writers on big themes who are no more perceptive than most of their audience.

In *Grand Canyon* (20th Century-Fox), which Kasdan wrote with his wife, Meg, and which he directed, he slices out a cross section of Los Angeles life: a cynical film producer; a successful lawyer; his wife; their adolescent son; the lawyer's assistant who is also his girlfriend; a black auto mechanic; his sister and her son. Into each of these lives, and a few others, all brought into some kind of contact with one another, a little L.A. rain and sun must fall.

The producer gets shot in the leg by a robber and, while recovering, looks over his life. The lawyer takes a wrong turn in his car, à la *Bonfire of the Vanities*, and gets plunged into danger, but learns from it. The mechanic, immersed in that danger, is helped out by the lawyer. The mechanic's sister and nephew, entangled in black gang warfare, are

enabled to escape. The lawyer's wife is riven by finding an abandoned (Hispanic?) baby and ultimately adopts it. The lawyer's assistant, heartbroken by her affair, is attacked in her car and thus meets a handsome young (bachelor) cop. The lawyer's son grows up by giving advice as a camp counselor and by falling in first love. . . . It's all a cozy tour of troubles in which nobody gets lastingly hurt and everyone we care about is better off at the end. As if to certify that an eye is watching from above, there are recurrent shots of a helicopter hovering over all.

The title reflects the fact that the mechanic once visited the canyon. In a speech that sounds as if it had been written for him, he recalls that it made him feel minute and transitory. At the end, all the principals visit the Grand Canyon together and, presumably, feel minute and transitory together. What this has to do with the immediate pressure of daily problems the film doesn't bother to reveal.

The Kasdan dialogue fits the picture only too well:

MECHANIC: This neighborhood has gone to shit.

LAWYER: The whole world has gone to shit.

Or: "The world doesn't make any sense anymore." Or: "All the good and bad things are so close together."

Kasdan's directing includes two Felliniesque dreams. His cast is a mixed bag. Danny Glover plays the tower-of-strength character, the mechanic, and fills it perfectly. Kevin Kline, the lawyer, once again maneuvers his way through a part rather than acting it; he suggests a revue performer who has been given serious things to do. Mary McDonnell and Mary-Louise Parker, as his wife and mistress, are undistinguished and, except for age, almost indistinguishable. Steve Martin, the producer, is, in his post-*Roxanne* days, much like his pre-*Roxanne* days: unbearable.

When a big star produces and directs herself in a leading role, it's safe to assume that she is realizing some fantasy about herself. *The Prince of Tides* (Columbia) presents Barbra Streisand as a successful New York psychiatrist who is unhappily married to a famous violinist and has a son who needs help. So presumably Streisand sees herself as a healer who herself suffers.

In this screenplay by Pat Conroy and Becky Johnston, from Conroy's novel, Streisand's crucial encounter is with Nick Nolte. He is a high school English teacher and football coach who lives with wife and children on a Carolina sea island and who comes to New York because his sister, a poet, has attempted suicide. Sister was a Streisand patient; while sister is unconscious in the hospital, Nolte visits Streisand to find out what happened. Of course Streisand and Nolte don't get on at first. Etc.

To list the complications that follow with Streisand and husband and son, or to list the complications involving Nolte's tribe revealed in flashbacks, would strain both my space limits and

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Antonia and Jane. Bright, sharp, sexy, witty. Two young women in London today, contending with everything. (Reviewed 12/2/91) **Bugsy.** Torrid love in darkest Gangland. Warren Beatty, as the 1940s hood Bugsy Siegel, Annette Bening as the stormy Virginia Hill, impassioned about each other amid the crime and killings. (12/23&30/91) **Kafka.** Prague, 1919, with the author as protagonist of a silly script. But the direction by Steven Soderbergh, who made sex, lies, and videotape, is extraordinary in itself and also shows his range. (1/6&13/92) **Meeting Venus.** Hubbub and turmoil during the rehearsals of a Paris Opera production—smashingly done. There's a boring central story, but pay it no mind. (12/16/91) —SK

the reader's trust. (Just one sample: when Nolte was a small boy, he was sodomized by an escaped convict whom his older brother then shot.) After all the flashbacks have been entered and all the present twists untwisted, it is Patient Nolte who cures Doctor Streisand, through his love. Even though they must part.

All that is really appealing in this fraught romance is Blythe Danner's refreshing performance as Nolte's wife down on the island. She almost makes us feel the sea breezes. Nolte is so over-driven by the director that he has hardly a believable moment. Streisand, once a brassy singing comedienne, showed in *Yentl* that she could direct a musical film imaginatively and could act sufficiently well in a part of some substance. She has no songs in this film, her comedy is vulgarized sophistication, and her drama-romance verges on the embarrassing. As she ages, she obviously needs new fantasies that she can use as star vehicles. *Yentl* was a step. This one is a misstep.

A sorrowfully belated note on **Prospero's Books** (Miramax). This, Peter Greenaway's version of *The Tempest*, is made up of two elements that don't really join; yet one of them is gorgeous, and the other is the work of a master.

Greenaway's conceit is that Prospero himself writes *The Tempest* on his desert island, mining the wisdom in his books, and speaking most of the lines—even though actors of the other roles appear. Greenaway fills the screen much of the time with sumptuous traveling shots of nude men and women in golden light, representing in some allegorical Renaissance way the various wisdoms to be found in those books. These pictures need not be "understood"; they can simply be enjoyed as a gorgeous cinematic gallery.

Those pictures have little bearing on John Gielgud's speaking of the lines. He appears, magnificently robed, as Prospero, but he speaks for other characters as well. Gielgud is the best speaker of Shakespeare I have ever heard. Nothing like an elocutionist, he realizes the lines, Prospero's especially, with such sure technique and fortifying experience that he leaves both technique and experience far behind. What we get is what Shakespeare intended: the quintessence of human hope, tenderness, decadence, and persistence past futility, all encompassed in the music of words.

Greenaway's work, Renaissance though it is in temper, is radically new in cinema. Gielgud's work is radically traditional. They don't blend; they exist, side by side, fully. •

Mark Stevens on Art

Adventures in the Skin Trade

Contrary to the common conception, art becomes decadent not for what it puts in, but for what it leaves out. The noisy and already notorious Jeff Koons exhibit at the Sonnabend Gallery is a good example of decadent taste, not because it portrays erect penises but because it does not accomplish anything significant with them. A decadent artist lacks the imaginative will to do more than trivialize and italicize his themes and the tradition in which he works. Typically, he has the conviction of being too late. In the case of Koons, this is not a high form of belatedness. He more resembles the man who, arriving when the party is almost over, makes a spectacle of himself in order to keep the guests awake. For a decadent artist, anything is possible because nothing is necessary.

Some artists are better at decadence,

and some are worse. Koons is pretty good at it. Critics make a mistake in underestimating him, imagining that people have simply taken leave of their senses by attending to his art. Koons is working in a tradition, unfortunately, and within that tradition he is an adept. He has taken the Dada-Pop line of thought, which is now very available, very understood, and given it a clever goosing. He is particularly savvy about performing on the Warhol stage. If you forgot his name, and the promotion machine failed to remind you of it, you could accurately call his work "school of Warhol."

Like his master, Koons will yield anything in order to excite his audience. That is, he will never defend an idea or retain a form that would in any way complicate or slow down his effects. It takes a certain conviction, or a lack of conviction raised to the level of conviction,

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tion, to do that; but it means that whenever he addresses anything more than trivia (where the fit between his means and his ends is exact) his work has no richness or density. Compared with Koons, Warhol seems mysterious. Warhol's kitschy "Who me?" innocence was dismaying, but it was original. Koons's faux-naïf "I believe this will be the greatest contemporary art exhibition in history" is obviously just more of the p.r. aesthetics developed by Warhol. The idiot-savant style, which once appeared outrageous, now just looks idiotic.

In order to understand Koons's effect, it helps to think of him as a kind of rococo artist. Like the rococo artists of the ancien régime, Koons is titillating a plutocratic and jaded taste with sexual games and florid effects. What he has done, in effect, is to fashion a rococo version of Dada. He makes childish treats for the wealthy, who long ago became hip to Dada strategies. Instead of playful putti, however, he portrays the Italian pornopolitico star Ilona Staller (whom he recently married) in heat. He is another of those who serve the tacky rich, another of the odd and expensive refractions of sensibility generated during the Reagan-Thatcher years. And he is immune to criticism, because all he requires to excite his audience is attention.

The Sonnabend show is supposed to be about love, but it bears as much relation to love as a wedding cake does to marriage. The gallery is dominated by enormous mating pictures of the artist and Staller. The pictures are softly hard-core. That is, the colors are saccharine-sweet and the compositions are cutesy, without the rough character of really hard stuff. In one picture, the kneeling Staller is kissing the standing Koons's erect penis; his head is flung back, and there is a full moon. In another, we see a penis that has just deposited semen all over her lips. It is a common tableau in 42nd Street-type pornography, except that here she wears an expression of religious bliss, as if she had received the Holy Ghost.

Next to these giant pictures—which

are based on images taken by a photographer of porn—are a number of sculptures of dogs made by Italian artisans working under Koons's direction. The sculptures are riffs on kitsch. For example, between two big pornographic pictures are two beribboned Yorkies. Nearby a noble sheepdog stands. There are also ceramic flower still lifes in Venetian glass (Italian craftsmen again) that show Koons and his wife in more love-making positions. The glass has the famous ripple and candied color of the

no longer very excited.

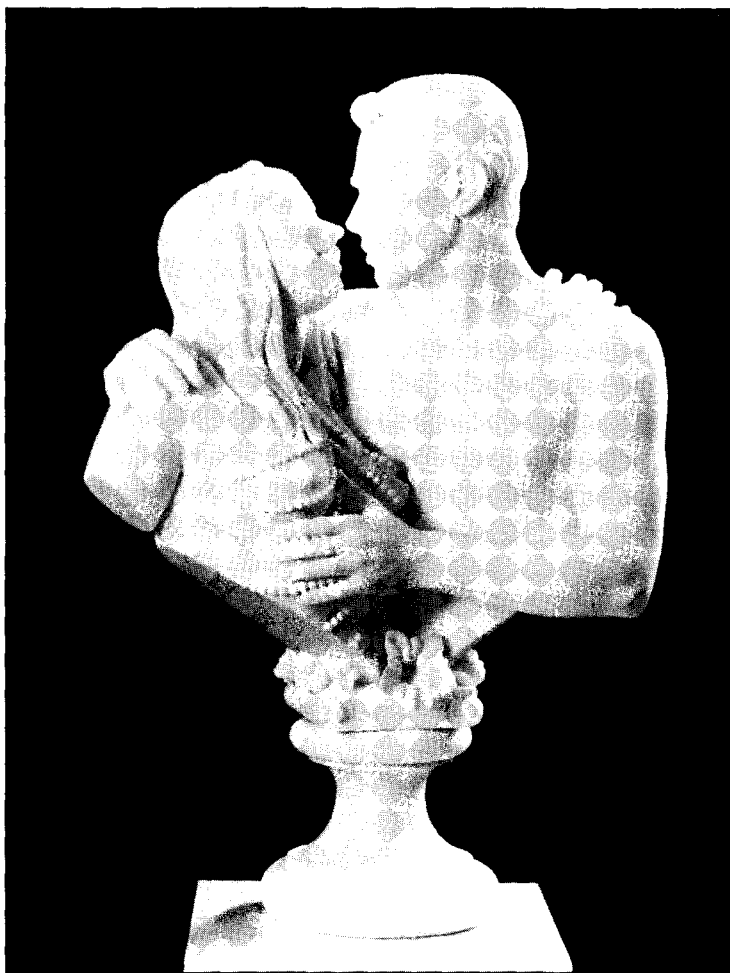
Perhaps Koons understands this, for his art shies away from power. To kitsch itself he can sometimes deliver a certain eerie electric charge; his famous bunny rabbit, an outrageous mating between Brancusi and Playboy, is unforgettable. But he generally uses kitsch to lower the temperature, transforming everything into jokiness. He deadens to make things easier. He exaggerates what he diminishes. By filtering porn through kitsch, he emasculates it. It becomes sappy. Is that an interesting thing to do?

Not very. In any case, the truly surprising cross of sex and kitsch remains Marcel Duchamp's *Etant donné's* peephole in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, in which we see a naked girl, a waterfall, and a mysteriously banal summer landscape.

Koons's narcissism is as lavish as his porn, and also lacks any edge. (Cindy Sherman is a much stronger poseur.) The interest that viewers seem to have in his primping is owed partly to a certain awe that a person would actually exhibit such pictures of himself. Exhibitionists attract the eye, however fleetingly; and so people at Sonnabend will say, "What balls," not referring to what's staring them in the face. Of course, there are those who may enjoy Koons's reversal of the traditional understanding of sexual passion as something that lovers do not invite the rest of the world to share. But it's the sort of reversal that amounts to nothing more than spin.

Narcissism is obviously a blessing to Koons and his bride, for their bodies will have small appeal to anyone else. Kitsch does not improve porn. More important, the pictures themselves are imaginatively flat. There is no play or passion in their making: the lines, the colors, the shapes display little visual life. There is not even any of the delightful pretzel logic of erotic Indian art (which also has a spiritual underpinning). The faces of these lovers would bore a mirror. When they stare into each other's eyes, in fact, one imagines a mirror admiring itself.

That there is no particular threat—of



BOURGEOIS BUST—JEFF AND ILONA (1991)

Venetian craft tradition.

Koons hits a lot of the fashionable themes. (His best organ is his nose.) The Mapplethorpe exhibit made pornography, narcissism, and sexual exaggeration a hot ticket, so Koons knows to exhibit big hard-core photographs of himself copulating. At the same time, he associates himself with a long tradition of sexually outrageous art whose intent is to shock bourgeois culture. In this respect, though, he is too late even for a belated artist. This way of shocking, of generating meaning in art, has become hoary. You can still outrage Jesse Helms, of course, but art itself is



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lust, passion, outrage, intelligence—reveals itself in the behavior of the crowd. Koons's followers may think that they're being devilish, but the expression on their faces is singularly bland. The gallery teemed with people when I went. Some were curious outsiders, but most were just typical art browsers, drifting here and there wearing the vague countenance of wanderers in a museum. I found it funny to watch them. Pause before puckered rectum; moment of reflection; pass on to poodle. I noticed no smirks, no furtive looks, no expressions of anger, just an occasional camp smile. Two bubbly Italian girls of about 17 or 18 handed me a camera and asked me to snap their picture after arranging themselves, like tourists at a monument, beside the picture of Staller kneeling worshipfully before Koons's penis. Then I ran into a woman I knew, and against a gynecological backdrop we chatted, talked of lunch, and kissed each other on the cheek.

The comfort of the crowd, given the subject matter, is almost interesting. By removing all danger and sapping the strength from powerful subjects, Koons does, oddly enough, propose a version of paradise. The rococo, remember, is an art of pleasure and paradise, and Koons, in the ensemble of elements he has chosen, creates a kind of Eden. Animals, flowers, sex. But this, alas, is an inert, secondhand Eden.

Because people are now too smart for paradise, Koons can only invoke it through a sort of smartass jokiness. The appreciation of kitsch is often a

way for intellectuals to behave and to enjoy themselves as children; hiding behind irony, they gain a license to engage those aspects of play and passion that might otherwise seem simplistic.

Even for the best rococo artists, paradise has traditionally presented certain daunting problems. Pleasure can quickly become boring, too much of the same. In Koons's case, the kitsch gives everything the same tone; it becomes mechanical. Delight in the rococo often depends upon a delicious sense of surfeit, upon a wonderfully vulgar *too much*, which can only be sustained by a truly bravura inventiveness, by a formal fecundity. Koons understands the charm of too much; but at his best, with the help of his Italians, he can only make amusing curiosities.

The greatest challenge for an artist with a desire for the rococo is to give worldly pleasures some spiritual or emotional stature—to make them worthy of the longing for paradise. Koons doesn't even try, doesn't even know to try. That is why his show is a shell game. It makes such a mockery of pleasure, sexual and otherwise, that I found myself constantly put in mind of artists who really knew their way around this subject. The piquancy of Watteau, who always seemed to remember that the game must end. The exaggerations of Fragonard, which are rarely heavier than a feather. Or the gaudy rococo-derived fantasies of certain Mexican churches, in which even too much is, miraculously, not enough. •

Deal; an activist Supreme Court struck down social legislation on the basis of its own ideas about social policy. Eventually the Court came to its senses and returned to the real meaning of the original document, allowing a broad role for democracy in general and for Congress and the president in particular. The Warren Court was a peculiar mixture of legality and abuse of legality. To some extent, it vindicated the promise of the original system of rights and the Civil War amendments, and to some extent it abandoned the Constitution entirely, rejected the democratic foundations of the American political tradition, and (like the earlier activist twentieth-century Court) imposed its own values on the country.

As I say, in capsule form. But in this book—the first volume of a three-part study—Bruce Ackerman argues that on every important point, this conventional wisdom is wrong. Ackerman intends not only to reject it, but also to provide a fundamental restatement of the American constitutional tradition. It is not clear that all of his claims are convincing. It is clear, however, that this book is one of the most important contributions to American constitutional thought in the last half-century. Its importance lies, I think, in its striking and novel understanding of American constitutionalism, and in its insistence on the creative, constitutional-like quality of the New Deal.

The large goal of Ackerman's project is to make new sense of the Constitution as a whole, by telling a general story about the document that is both coherent and true to the past. Ackerman is not interested in celebration or apologetics. Quite the contrary: he is alert to the many injustices of constitutional theory and practice. But he wishes to develop a usable past, one that can give meaning and shape to previous developments and be brought fruitfully to bear on current controversies. Ackerman seeks above all to respond to those who think of the Constitution as a document frozen in the eighteenth century, or as a series of isolated or unrelated powers and proscriptions—or, even worse, who view the document without a sense of its connection with an unfolding but intelligible narrative, rooted in both high principle and concrete history.

Ackerman advances three bold claims. The first and most fundamental is that the American Constitution embodies what he describes as "dualist democracy." A dualist democracy distinguishes between, and allows a place for, two kinds of politics, "normal" and "constitutional." Constitutional politics represents democracy in its highest sense, and takes place on those rare occasions when the public (the "We the People" of Ackerman's title) is mobilized as a mass, and

New Deals

BY CASS R. SUNSTEIN

We the People: Volume 1, Foundations by Bruce A. Ackerman

(Harvard University Press, 369 pp., \$24.95)

Here, in capsule form, is the conventional wisdom about American constitutional history. Conforming to the applicable legal requirements, the American people adopted a Constitution designed to protect individual rights while allowing a properly large role for the national government. Seventy years later, again conforming to the legal forms, the people remedied the central defect of the original document,

which was the acceptance of the institution of slavery, by ratifying a series of amendments in the aftermath of the Civil War. Between the period of the founding and the period of the Civil War, there was a large commonality: everyone understood that America is fundamentally a democracy, and that democratic outcomes deserve respect. But later, in this century, the Supreme Court abused its authority, and abandoned the legal forms, by invalidating parts of the New

speaks collectively about its most fundamental principles. By contrast, normal politics occurs during the day-to-day operations of government. In this instance, representatives make ordinary political choices, with a greater or lesser degree of accountability and deliberation.

In Ackerman's view, grounded in the writings of James Madison and Alexander Hamilton, the distinctive feature of the American system is that it provides a home for both constitutional and normal politics. He thus rejects what he calls the "monist" views of many observers. The monists see all politics as belonging on the same plane; for many monists, normal politics, or horse-trading, is all there is. Ackerman also rejects the views of participatory democrats, who long for active engagement by citizens on all issues all or most of the time. In Ackerman's view, a liberal democracy simply cannot expect that people will have the time and inclination to be continuously involved in politics. They will often have other, or better, things to do.

Ackerman believes that it was the eighteenth-century Americans, rather than the fifth-century Greeks or the seventeenth-century English, who attempted to reconcile these forms, to provide the best of both worlds. The American Founders acknowledged the value of mass involvement on issues of principle, but they understood that revolutionary fervor could not long sustain a liberal democracy. By recognizing constitutional politics, they provided a home for mass, participatory politics, and protected the outcomes of that form of politics in the Constitution itself; and by acknowledging ordinary politics, they provided safeguards in recognition of the inevitable fact that for most decisions, active citizen engagement is both impossible and undesirable. For Ackerman, dualist or "two-track" democracy is the distinctive (but still unnoticed) American contribution to political thought.

His second claim is that we have had not one but three constitutional regimes in America. These regimes have been produced by three "constitutional moments." The first, of course, was the original adoption of the Constitution. The second was the flurry of constitutional activity that followed the Civil War. The third was the New Deal. Each of these constitutional moments, Ackerman argues, fundamentally altered the preceding regime's institutional arrangements and substantive commitments. And each, he claims, was illegal, in the sense that it squarely violated the law prescribing the methods for constitutional change.

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Thus Ackerman argues that the original Framers self-consciously abandoned the instructions that they had received, and departed from the lawful procedures for amendment in the Articles of Confederation. Similarly, the Civil War amendments were brought about not through compliance with the Constitution's provisions for amendment, but through an unlawful act of force, coercing Southern states to vote for amendments that they actually disapproved. And the New Deal was established not by means of written constitutional provisions at all, but through a kind of "structural amendment" in which changes to the second regime were ratified through democratic processes.

In all three cases, the central point is that mobilized Americans, over a long period of years, affirmed a commitment to a large-scale alteration of their form of government. Ackerman shows clear links among, and a clear structure for constitutional change in, the three "moments." The similarity between the Civil War and New Deal reforms is especially striking: a dramatic change was signaled by one branch of government; another branch resisted; and the people, over a period of years, settled the issue favorably to broad reform. It is through this process, rather than compliance with Article V's amendment procedures, that the Constitution was changed. In all three cases, the legal forms were beside the point.

In pointing to the existence of three regimes, Ackerman has a central debunking goal. He is taking a stand against the main constitutional myth of modern scholars—the myth, as he calls it, of rediscovery. This is the familiar view that the Supreme Court's acceptance of the New Deal was a return to the original commitments to broad federal power and to a restrained judicial role—as if Franklin Delano Roosevelt were at one with Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall. Instead, Ackerman says, the New Deal was profoundly creative. It represented a recognition, through constitutional politics, and for the first time, that the active, regulatory, redistributive national state was constitutionally legitimate. In this way, Ackerman argues, the New Deal was indeed unconstitutional—until it amended the Constitution.

Ackerman's third claim is that much of the work of the Supreme Court should be seen as an attempt at a synthesis of the three constitutional moments. The decisions of the early twentieth-century Court, invalidating minimum wage and maximum hour laws, were not a bizarre quirk. Instead they were a fully plausible effort to carry forward, in the second regime, the original protection of con-

tract and property through the emphasis on free labor in the Civil War amendments. The famous case of *Griswold v. Connecticut*, which protected the right of married couples to use contraceptives, is for Ackerman a legitimate result of joining the original Constitution and the New Deal—protecting a realm of private autonomy even after the creation of the activist state. So, too, with *Brown v. Board of Education*, which, in the Third Regime, reflected an understanding that the system of segregation, especially in schools, is a creation of government, and not in any sense a "private" matter (as the Court seemed to think in *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the source of the doctrine of "separate but equal"). In this first volume, Ackerman touches only on interpretive questions. But it is clear that he thinks that the process of interpretive synthesis among the three constitutional moments can both explain much of the Court's work and also point toward better decisions in the future.

Ackerman's three major claims—dualist democracy, the theory of the three constitutional moments, the notion of interpretation as a synthesis of the moments—are arresting and provocative. Each is powerfully argued. Taken together, they should reshape in some major ways our understandings of American constitutional law and of the American political tradition as a whole. In short, this is a book of enduring importance. And it will certainly spur a sustained debate.

But is Ackerman right? One way to begin an evaluation of his argument is to focus on a seemingly odd thesis, one that lies behind all three of his claims: that, unless we accept his analysis, the New Deal was, and is, unconstitutional. To make his case, Ackerman points to the original Constitution and the Civil War amendments. The original document sharply limited national power. It called for a constrained presidency, for an executive that would not exercise lawmaking functions. It contained explicit protections of private property and freedom of contract. In a similar spirit, the Civil War amendments had "free labor!" as their rallying cry, and thus added force to the original constitutional hostility to government interference with private liberty, especially in the labor market. The early twentieth-century Supreme Court may well have been correct, Ackerman contends, in invalidating broad exercises of national power and in striking down regulatory legislation, including minimum wage and maximum hour laws.

In this light, says Ackerman, look at the changes brought about by the New

Deal. These changes included practically unlimited federal power under the commerce clause; a greatly expanded presidency, exercising broad lawmaking authority; and new regulatory measures, including not merely minimum wage and maximum hour laws, but also social security provisions, labor relations statutes, environmental measures, and a full array of regulatory enactments redistributing resources to people favored by government. If all this is to be permitted, he says, it must be because the New Deal amounted to a constitutional amendment.

It seems, then, that if you reject Ackerman's framework, you are left with the uncomfortable conclusion that the New Deal, and thus much of modern American government, violates our national charter. But this goes too quickly. We might venture an alternative understanding, a different explanation that relies on a familiar conception of what a Constitution is. At least in America, a Constitution is a written text. For this reason the New Deal cannot, by definition, be a constitutional amendment. Unwritten amendments simply are not amendments.

Moreover, our Constitution is generally a flexible document of broad and abstract principles. Its meaning is not frozen in the eighteenth century but instead develops over time. There is a good deal of evidence that this was the Framers' own understanding of constitutionalism. This understanding is also the import of Chief Justice Marshall's famous suggestion that "we must never forget that it is a *constitution* we are expounding." Ideas about constitutional interpretation should be developed with an understanding that the document was meant to endure.

Viewed in this light, the constitutionality of the New Deal can be understood as the product of something less exotic than amendment. It was, on the contrary, the result of a fully plausible theory of interpretation. To allow the New Deal is simply to recognize that the meaning of the Constitution is in part a function of changed circumstances, in this instance the Depression, an increasingly interdependent economy, and new social needs and norms.

Thus, judicial recognition of broad national power under the interstate commerce clause was altogether appropriate—not because of a New Deal "amendment," but because of the twentieth-century reality that seemingly intrastate economic activity often has interstate effects. A strike at a steel company in Pennsylvania will undoubtedly have effects on the nation as a whole. Recognition of this reality simply trans-

lated the original constitutional commitment to federal power over interstate commerce into the new conditions. We can similarly understand the Court's willingness to allow Congress to delegate broader policy-making power to the president: this was not the result of amendment, but represented a recognition that under new conditions the old task of implementation of the laws required greater discretion, in light of the need for flexibility and expertise in undertaking unprecedented governmental tasks.

In short, the job of interpretation called for an act of translation of the original words to new conditions. This is not an uncommon part of interpretation, in law or in ordinary life. Such an act need not entail anything so dramatic or surprising as an "amendment." To be sure, an approach of this sort does not answer all problems raised by the Court's post-New Deal shift. Its mere outline here is an insufficient reason to reject Ackerman's carefully documented account. But it is a plausible alternative to that account. It is simpler and more straightforward, and it does less damage to conventional understandings. It does not require the interesting but jarring claim that the New Deal amended the Constitution.

Ackerman does not consider such an alternative view, and his failure to do so is quite revealing. His conception of judicial interpretation appears at times relatively mechanical and even formalistic, certainly in comparison with his relatively free-floating ideas about what counts as an amendment. He may be resorting to the idea of "amendment" because of an unduly rigid view of interpretation. And if Ackerman's "constitutional moment" approach is not the only basis for legitimating the New Deal, his framework would have to be rethought. The Civil War amendments, and the changes brought about by the New Deal, would indeed loom large, but it would no longer be necessary to press the idea that constitutional interpretation involves acts of "synthesis" among three constitutional moments. In all cases, the relevant constitutional provision would be interpreted in the more ordinary fashion, with due regard for constitutional text and structure, for history, for major changes in circumstances and mores, and for new conditions sometimes making it unreasonable for interpreters mechanically to adhere to earlier ideas developed for different conditions.

In this light it would also become possible to question Ackerman's intriguing argument that the United States has had three distinct constitutional regimes. To

be sure, our current government is quite different from what the Framers anticipated. A careful reading of the Constitution gives only the roughest sense of current constitutional powers and current constitutional rights; the often-told tale of continuity between the original document and the nation after 200 years is grossly overstated. We can also agree that the Civil War and the New Deal helped to precipitate the most dramatic reforms in the nation's history. But there have been many periods of American constitutional change—including, in recent years, the

changes brought about by the civil rights movement, Reaganism, the women's movement, and the deregulation movement. All of these have had implications, large or small, for constitutional interpretation. Judicial appointments have been made with an awareness of the nominee's attitudes toward these and other issues, and those attitudes are in turn affected by national developments. We might therefore think of America as a unitary republic whose particular nature will vary, sometimes greatly, over time, without any more precise or dramatic

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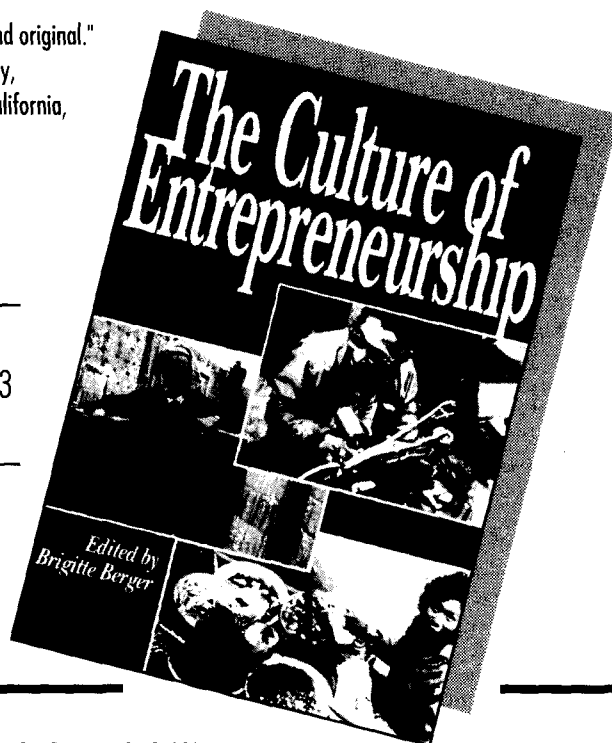
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kind of periodization.

And what of Ackerman's view that America is a "dualist democracy"? In his hands, that notion is intended to establish the distinctive American contribution to political theory, and also to set out an appealing conception of politics, one that avoids the excesses and the romanticism of participatory democracy without falling into the cynicism of approaches that see politics as a series of interest-group deals.

Ackerman is entirely persuasive in suggesting some sort of distinction between ordinary politics and the processes that give rise to constitutional change. Americans agree that the outcomes of constitutional processes have a higher status than ordinary political decisions. It is also plausible to distinguish between day-to-day politics, involving a mix of principle and horse-trading, and the mass involvement of citizens on issues of principle that occasions extraordinary political reform. It is true, too, that continuous citizen participation on matters of principle is unlikely in a liberal democracy, and that the dualist system described by Ackerman has important advantages over other conceptions of democracy. But we may concede all this without agreeing that dualist democracy fully describes American politics, and without entirely celebrating that conception of politics as Ackerman describes it.

Let us begin with the Framers. Did they mean to distinguish in this way between constitutional politics and normal politics? I think not. They did believe that constitution-making had a special status; but their conception of normal politics, under the constitutional system that they devised, was a bit more lofty and ambitious than what Ackerman describes. Above all, they sought to promote a deliberative democracy, in which representatives would be given the incentive to rise above the fray of private interests and to engage in public-spirited deliberation. We should not forget that the Senate and the president were, at the outset, to be indirectly elected; that the electoral college was to be a deliberative body; that the Framers placed great faith in large electoral districts and long length of service; that they rejected, in the very first Congress, a proposal to give constituents a "right to instruct" their representatives. Through all these means, the Framers attempted to ensure that the ordinary political process would benefit from principled deliberation—what they called "virtue"—rather than disintegrate into a form of trade-offs among interests.

Ackerman is right to emphasize that the Framers knew that the representa-

tives were not the People. They knew that no branch of government could stand for the citizenry: in this understanding lay the Founders' wholesale revision of the British view that sovereignty was placed in the king. For the Americans, sovereignty could be found only in the people, not in any governmental institution. But Ackerman understates the extent to which the Framers intended to produce public-spirited deliberation by the representatives. His conception of normal politics sells the Framers a bit short, and partakes more of modern economic understandings of politics than of the Framers' grander goals.

All this suggests that as a description of the original conception, or as a prescription for a democratic polity, Ackerman's "normal politics" is insufficient. Now let us examine "constitutional politics." If self-government is the goal, then three moments of real public deliberation on fundamental issues in 200 years seem singularly unimpressive. Ackerman responds with the specter of "coercive democracy," that is, he fears that to promote such deliberation more frequently we would have to allow governmental compulsion of democratic engagement. But we could promote further democracy without resorting to coercion. The absence of greater democratic involvement is partly a function of institutional arrangements that do not encourage, but instead dampen, such involvement. Those arrangements include undue centralization of politics in Washington, a poor educational system, insufficient opportunities for the exercise of political influence, a sometimes Byzantine system for voter registration, a press preoccupied with sound bites and "infotainment," and poverty. One need not believe that continuous involvement in politics is desirable or possible in order to insist that three truly constitutional moments in two centuries is not much to show for a democratic order.

In fact, as against Ackerman's claim of three constitutional moments, there have been many successful efforts to raise issues of fundamental principle in the public arena. Consider only Jacksonianism and the labor movement of the 1930s, to say nothing of more recent periods of change. Ackerman does not deny that we have had many such efforts in our history. His basic and highly plausible claim is that "We the People" have spoken in a profoundly revisionary way on only three occasions. But his standard for genuine revision is perhaps too strict. His line between constitutional and normal politics is certainly too sharp and crisp. It may

be more correct (and more encouraging) to think that we have enjoyed a continuum rather than a dichotomy.

Still, Ackerman is saying something true and important in pointing to the fundamental shifts brought about by the Civil War and the New Deal, and to the role of an unusually mobilized public in giving content to those shifts. Above all, he is correct in pointing to the New Deal as an insufficiently recognized source of constitutional change, one that is relevant to those now in search of a usable past. To grasp the magnitude of what the New Deal did, it is important to stress, as Ackerman does, the backdrop of laissez-faire, treated by the Supreme Court in the early part of the century as part of the Constitution.

On that Court's view, minimum wage and maximum hour legislation, like other forms of government "intervention," represented a form of partisanship—a decision, by government, to take sides with one group rather than another. In responding to such views, Roosevelt said, "We must lay hold of the fact that economic laws are not made by nature. They are made by human beings." And in arguing against laissez-faire and for social security legislation, Roosevelt referred to this "man-made world of ours." Roosevelt's point was that the so-called system of laissez-faire was not one of laissez-faire at all. It actually depended for its existence on human choices, embodied in coercive law, about who owned what, and about who could do what to whom.

The laws of property, contract, and tort—the basic organizing principles of a capitalist society—are law. They are not the state of nature. They distribute resources and opportunities to some people rather than others. For the New Dealers, this was hardly an argument against capitalism, which they properly understood to be an engine of liberty and prosperity; but the point did suggest that regulatory initiatives—child labor laws, minimum wage laws, collective bargaining guarantees—should be seen not as "governmental intervention" into an otherwise law-free status quo. More properly understood, those reforms merely replaced one legal regime with another.

Rather than a religion of "laissez-faire," or an identification of the law of property with the state of nature, the New Dealers thought that we needed a democratic and highly practical assessment of what sort of regulatory regime best promoted liberty and prosperity. It was through this assessment that Roosevelt (enthusiastically seconded by Ackerman in his closing pages) urged a "sec-

ond Bill of Rights," which would include, among other things, protection against the vagaries of old age and disease, unemployment, homelessness, lack of food or medical care, lack of education, and disability.

This midcentury discussion remains pertinent. While there is no need to doubt the view that some version of capitalism—including respect for private property and liberty of contract—is a defining feature of a free society, the lesson of the New Deal that government intervention is all around us, in the form of legal rules saying who, in the first instance, owns what, badly needs reiterating today. Since the 1980s we often purport to be skeptical of "government intervention," or to have learned that it "doesn't work"; but careful empirical work on various kinds of government interventions shows mixed consequences. There have been real improvements as a result of regulatory programs involving such areas as environmental protection, automobile safety, voting rights, and race and sex discrimination. Much more fundamentally, the law of property, contract, and tort—about which people are hardly skeptical—is equally "government intervention." Those who think that they distrust government, or that it usually fails, should think again, for they actually have no trouble with the most fundamental form of government regulation: the omnipresent common law.

As the New Dealers stressed, and as the Eastern Europeans are learning, law of this sort is precisely what makes free markets possible. When such markets serve human beings well—as they usually do—there is every reason to respect them. But when they produce human suffering—as they sometimes do—there is every reason to supplement or even to displace them. These were the central insights of the constitutional reforms brought about by the New Deal.

One need not accept all of Ackerman's arguments, then, in order to applaud enthusiastically his refusal to see the Constitution as a set of isolated, context-free directives emerging from the eighteenth century, and his insistence on making fresh sense, for us and for future generations, of the American constitutional tradition. Surely he is right to suggest that for the next generation a new form of constitutional politics, embracing and building on the New Deal, will be in order.

CASS R. SUNSTEIN teaches at the University of Chicago and is the author of *After the Rights Revolution* (Harvard University Press).

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Elusive Butterfly

BY MICHAEL WOOD

Vladimir Nabokov: The American Years

by Brian Boyd

(Princeton University Press, 783 pp., \$35)

"I am almost exclusively a writer," Vladimir Nabokov told an interviewer in 1965, "and my style is all I have." "Almost exclusively" is touching and exact. It mixes a certain sadness with plenty of pride. Nabokov was a loving husband, a doting father, a haunted son; an eager lepidopterist, a conscientious teacher, an ingenious setter of chess problems; but his writing governed his life. Writing was his mask and his definition. It didn't necessarily come first—when he dreamed that his hotel was on fire he reported that his dream-self saved, in the following order, his wife, his glasses, the typescript of *Ada*, his dentures, and his passport—but it came everywhere else. The simple inscription on his blue gravestone in Switzerland tells more of the story than many such markers can manage: VLADIMIR NABOKOV ÉCRIVAIN 1899-1977.

His style wasn't all he had, and that portion of his claim seems to be a little exercise in mock pathos, as if this exorbitantly unpitiable man were asking for pity, as if he were Humbert Humbert, who in *Lolita* said he had only words to play with. Nabokov had memories, imagination, wit, three languages, a tirelessly observant eye, and a life littered with accidents that could be realigned as features of an incomplete and tantalizing design: a father murdered by mistake, escape from tyrants in Russia, Germany, and France, weird resemblances between Russia and America. "Man's life," he has a character write in *Pale Fire*, "as commentary to abstruse unfinished poem." The simile brings us back to style, though, or at least to language, and style can be seen as a name for what language can and cannot do for us.

Humbert Humbert dies "in legal captivity," having painted the bars of his cage, like the ape whose story Nabokov says started him off on *Lolita*. Nabokov paints the bars, the cage, what he can see of the rest of the zoo, and what he intuits of the rest of the world. His affection goes, as he wrote in *Speak, Memory*, to the "many . . . things that one always hopes might survive captivity in the zoo of

words." Captivity is the recurring, dominant experience, even for the beast that has the run of several zoos. Teaching Russian at Wellesley, Nabokov would invite his students to watch the tongue as it throws itself at the "squashed vowels": "It rushes and crushes itself against your lower teeth—a prisoner dashing himself at the bars of his cell." And of course words and pronunciation are themselves only one (or two) of the zoos that constitute our mental and material life, and they can stand for many others.

There is a little fable in *Ada* that brilliantly focuses this sense of the world's cages and what we do about them, Nabokov's hope against hope:

Certain caged birds, say Chinese amateurs shaking with fatman mirth, knock themselves out against the bars (and lie unconscious for a few minutes) every blessed morning, right upon awakening, in an automatic, dream-continuing, dream-lined dash—although they are, those iridescent prisoners, quite perky and docile and talkative the rest of the time.

Between the shaking Chinese and the iridescent prisoners, the world offers us much to look at. It is what we have, and it is enough. The prisoners' talk alone makes literature and culture. But the prisoners' forgetting of the cage is important, too. It's not just that they have been dreaming of elsewhere, it's that they wake up as if they *were* elsewhere. "Every blessed morning" is a quaint old cliché that comes to life with the birds. These are blessed mornings; the dash blesses the day, even if it is only a dash into collision and unconsciousness.

Nabokov had clear ideas about the lives of the poets: "The best part of a writer's biography is not the record of his adventures but the story of his style." In the same vein he wrote to Andrew Field, his earlier biographer, that "the only rational and artistic way to write the history of an individual of my dismal kind (whose only human and entertaining side is the gift of inventing clouds, castles, lakes) would be to follow his development as a writer." The "clouds,

castles, lakes" are an allusion to a Nabokov story (called "Cloud, Castle and Lake"), and the "dismal kind" is still another imitation of humility, a touch of self-deprecating elegance. (It was wasted, as it happened, on Field, who had come to believe that Nabokov *was* rather dismal, or at least was hiding the spicier bits of his life from him.)

"The best part," however, does allow a little room for other parts, and the biographical question is what to do about them. What Field wanted to do was find scandal in old Russia. Was Nabokov, father an illegitimate son of the czar? Did little Vladimir call his mummy Lolita? The answer to both questions is no, and Field's work was erratic and willful on all kinds of other scores. Brian Boyd lists some of Field's mistakes with a kind of dazed patience, unable to understand why anyone would wish to scramble the correct dates offered in his own earlier bibliography, or to persist, as if it were a matter of personal integrity, in being wrong about the date of the Russian Revolution.

There is a puzzle about Nabokov's relation with Field, though, and it broaches an interesting question about biography. It is clear that Field succumbed to the lexical madness that bags most Nabokovians sooner or later; and that it cannot matter in the least whether Nabokov called his mother Lolita or not. But why did Nabokov, having agreed to show a letter to Field, strike out the innocent salutation (*Radosť*, "dearest"), taunting the poor fellow with what he was not to know? Discretion and a sense of privacy, Boyd thinks, but to me it looks more like a rather complicated game, particularly if we remember that Nabokov was helping Field with his work, and publicly talking about him as "a dear friend of mine . . . a learned and talented man," at the same time that he was planning to keep his lecture notes to himself "however much Andrew Field may want them." There is something gloating and strange in this last remark.

Later, the relation broke down altogether, with Field hinting darkly at the revelations he could make if he wanted to, and Nabokov calling him a scoundrel. Field was plainly wrong to think that Nabokov wanted only a "flattering portrait" of himself, and Nabokov was plainly right to think that a biographer who went around collecting mere gossip was going to get a lot of things wrong. But surely Field was on to something, at least in principle, in his belief that perspectives other than Nabokov's own could be important, that it cannot be the biographer's business, or his only

business, to retrace the subject's view of the subject's life.

Of course, Nabokov had written his own life, or a piece of it, in *Speak, Memory*, thereby posing a formidable problem for any biographer. One could hardly compete with the master, and one could hardly ignore him. And what were the other options? Boyd solved the problem with great scruple and subtlety in the first volume of his life of Nabokov (*The Russian Years*) by taking his cue from his subject, but making up his own mind; borrowing Nabokov's shaping of his life, but offering his own interpretation of it, supplemented by an immense amount of archival research.

Speak, Memory takes Nabokov from his first moment of "complete consciousness" (father, mother, child, sun-flecked path) to the day of his departure from France for America in 1940. *The Russian Years* started a little earlier, with Nabokov's ancestors and parents, and ended on the same day. These were the years of a princely childhood in Russia, followed by the study of languages in Cambridge, of Nabokov's beginnings as a writer, exile in Berlin and Paris, a reputation (based on works like *The Defence*, *Despair*, *Laughter in the Dark*) as the finest novelist of the emigration. He had also written, but only partly published, his major work in Russian, *The Gift*.

Nabokov thought often of continuing his autobiography (as *Speak On, Memory* or *Speak, America*), but he didn't get very far. Thus Boyd's *American Years* has no mountain of that kind to negotiate. The new difficulty, also elegantly overcome, is that nothing much seemed to happen to Nabokov in the second part of his life—except, that is, for the knock-on effect of the extraordinary thing that happened to one of his books. *Lolita*, written out of the obscure and continuing interest in deviance that fuels all of Nabokov's best fiction, a work he thought that no one would read and that he might himself never be able to acknowledge, brought him international fame and a considerable fortune. It turned overnight from an untouchable book into a best seller; it became a moderately successful movie and a not so successful musical; and it is now a "classic," so respectable that casual readers have to be reminded to be shocked.

The high point of Nabokov's fame, Boyd suggests, was the moment of publication of *Ada* in 1969: his face on the cover of *Time*, his words in the pages of *Playboy*. Meanwhile Nabokov had moved from a precarious post teaching Russian at Wellesley to an established job teaching Russian and European literature at Cornell. He had published a lot in *The*

New Yorker, even in the days when no one else much had heard of him; and with fame and money he had abandoned America (but not the citizenship that he took up in 1945, or his love of America) for the Palace Hotel in Montreux. He wrote five other novels in these years; "invented," as he would have said, the imaginary but all too familiar country of *Bend Sinister*, the foolish but hospitable academic vacancies of *Pnin* and *Pale Fire*, the self-parodying worlds of *Transparent Things* and *Look at the Harlequins*.

But there was a huge event in Nabokov's apparently quiet later life. He changed his language. A writer could hardly experience a greater event. Even before Nabokov left Europe, he had written a novel in English, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*, a remarkable work that is severely underrated even now. But that wasn't the completed event. He had known English since childhood, and had been to a university in England. The completed event was the decision, taken soon after his arrival in America, to abandon Russian as an instrument of prose fiction. He said later that he "had to" give up his Russian, his "natural idiom," his "untrammelled, rich, and infinitely docile Russian tongue for a second-rate brand of English." He "had to" write in English if he wanted to make some money, and to reach an audience other than that of émigrés. But why couldn't he write in Russian as well?

He "had to" give up Russian, it seems, not in order to sell books in English, but in order to write the English he wanted to write—to shake the shadow of his Russian. He made a sort of vow to himself. He says in a letter to his wife, rather oddly, that "I myself don't fully register all the grief and bitterness of my situation." "I don't think anyone who hasn't experienced these feelings can properly appreciate them, the torment, the tragedy." The implication, clearly, is that a writer cannot have two languages, a view that makes Nabokov quite different, say, from Beckett, and perhaps from most bilingual writers.

And the later parts of the story are also full of pain. He translates *Speak, Memory* into Russian and finds himself "after fifteen years of absence, wallowing in the bitter luxury of my Russian verbal might." It is bitter, but it is luxury. Later still, translating *Lolita* into Russian, Nabokov spoke not of luxury, but of deprivation, an awaited linguistic springtime that had turned into autumn in his absence. His "marvelous Russian language" had "proved to be non-existent." There are those who agree with this judgment, as Boyd says, and those who disagree, and I can't judge at all. The

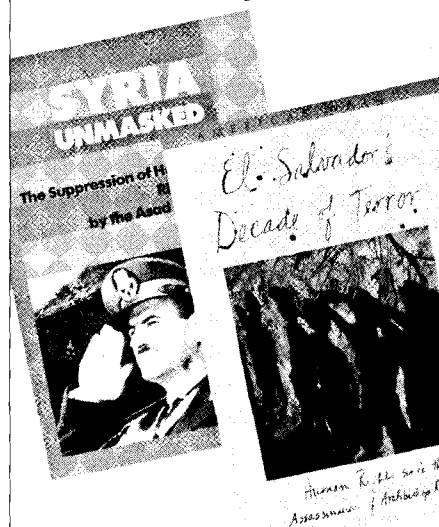
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important thing, surely, is that Nabokov had written *Lolita* in the meantime, had found a fabulous, freaky, singing, acrobatic, unheard-of English that probably made even his most marvelous Russian seem poor, and therefore meant that the terrible decision of his early years in America had been right, that the second language could flower for him only at the cost of the first. The second language had to become a first language, a language to write in. Perhaps one cannot love two languages.

It is possible, too, that Nabokov came to understand deprivation as well as he did through his abandonment of Russian as a literary language. He was a connoisseur of loss long before he came to America, of course. His father had been killed, his country canceled, two refuges made uninhabitable, and Boyd is quite right to insist on Nabokov's passionate attachment to the idea of a world or a state of consciousness "where nothing is lost." But there is a passage in *Speak, Memory*, quoted by Boyd, that constructs memory and understanding as a function of loss rather than a redemption of it. Nabokov wonders whether he had missed something in his French governess, "something . . . that I could appreciate only after the things and beings that I had most loved in the security of my childhood had been turned to ashes or shot through the heart." Thus it may have been also that Nabokov could appreciate language itself, appreciate it incomparably as he did, only after he had lost a language, or made himself lose it, and had found another in the ashes of his loss.

One of the great pleasures of Boyd's two volumes is their critical chapters. This is unusual in critical biographies, where we are accustomed to turn from a passably interesting life to eager plot summary masquerading as commentary. Boyd is astute, and attentive to the text; he spots features that you (or at least I) hadn't seen, and you enjoy the argument whether you agree with him or not. He has fine things to say about all the novels. And he writes very well, evoking for example the "mixture of affection and acid" with which Nabokov treats America, and often managing neat little stylistic homages to his subject: "Nabokov would put just a trickle of himself into Mlle Larivière, the children's governess in *Ada* . . ."

He also offers a shrewd and close assessment of Nabokov's monumental and much-disputed translation of *Eugene Onegin*, comparing it with other English versions, highlighting its peculiarities, and finding in it a useful key to Nabokov's passion for "bright particu-

lars." Nabokov is saying, Boyd suggests, "not that nothing is real . . . but that it is only as the mind tries to peer past the generalization of the commonplace that things actually start to become real, individual, detailed, differentiated from one another." This is an attractive program, if an old-fashioned one; it is pretty much what the Russian Formalists were preaching as early as 1917. But what makes it work, of course, is the practice of peering, the active love of what Boyd calls "the world's endless detail." "All children dawdle their way to bed," he says, "but it takes a Nabokov to remember every detail fifty years later."

Nabokov thought that *Lolita* and *Ada* were his most significant novels, and that he would be remembered for *Lolita* and his work on *Eugene Onegin*. He was probably right on both counts, but Boyd makes great claims for *Pale Fire*, too. "In sheer beauty of form, *Pale Fire* may well be the most perfect novel ever written." *Pale Fire* is a novel in the form of a critical edition: foreword, text, commentary, index. The poem is by John Shade, an American said to be "one oozy footstep" behind Robert Frost; the commentary by one Charles Kinbote, who claims to be the exiled king of a place called Zembla, and may actually be Professor Botkin, a Russian exile with royal fantasies. The commentary is much longer and much crazier than the poem, a sort of parable of critical fecklessness. Kinbote/Botkin has got hold of the poem because Shade has been shot by a madman looking for someone else: for the judge who put him away for his last offense, in what appears to be the common sense interpretation of the event; for the exiled king himself in Kinbote/Botkin's insistent view. Either way, Shade was not the intended victim, and his absurd, accidental death comments cruelly on the lines late in his poem, which say, as an instance of modest certainty, that he is "reasonably sure" that he will be alive tomorrow. He dies before the day ends.

Nabokov's father was killed in Berlin in 1922 by bullets intended for someone else, and Shade is killed on the elder Nabokov's birthday. We don't need to know this, but it is pretty powerful information if we have it. The diffidence with which Boyd offers it is an instance of his discretion, and of just how literary this biography is. We may not find it "likely," he says, that Nabokov "has constructed *Pale Fire* in an effort to make sense of a life in which something as tragic and absurd as his father's murder could happen." But it is more than likely, and I would want to quibble only with the description of the effort. My own feeling

is that Nabokov knew that one *cannot* make sense of such a life. One can only make novels and poems that mirror and partially, pathetically correct its senselessness; correct it only in a book.

What is not at all likely, but is intricately fascinating, is Boyd's reading of *Pale Fire* itself. He argues that Shade does not die, but only writes his death, turning himself into the manic Kinbote/Botkin as a way of escaping the prison of the self and of commenting on the rather placid confidence of his poem. "Shade concocts Kinbote," along with his commentary and his double life and his exile, and his deep unhappiness. This is certainly a more persuasive interpretation than the inverse one, popular among Nabokov scholars: that Kinbote has concocted Shade and his poem. I am even half-convinced that Boyd's interpretation is the one to which Nabokov himself secretly clung, that Boyd is speaking for Nabokov here.

Still, neither of these riddling interpretations is as interesting or as powerful as the straighter one, and Nabokov was right to keep his secret. The text has its reasons, which reason knows nothing of. A work in which a sane American imagines his own death and a crazed European who makes off with his poem is certainly worth attending to. But it conceals a curious complacency in its structure, as if everything is perfectly under control, and it is not half as moving as a work in which a crazed exile, unable to reach happiness for himself, clutches at the happiness that he finds in the life of another, builds his grand fantasy between the lines of a modest poem, and saves and loves the poem even as he tries to steal it and make it over. For its fullest effect, this novel needs what critics (used to) despair of: a world of difference, not a strenuously unified field. The great virtue of the ghastly Kinbote/Botkin is that he knows he is *not* Shade: not a poet, not sane, not lovable. He sees the difference that we are tempted to deny, and it is his recognition of what he is not that makes him a sort of hero, his antics notwithstanding. Like Humbert and Van Veen, he offers the difficult tribute of the exceptional to the ordinary.

Boyd tells the story of Nabokov's works and days in great detail, with all their illnesses and friendships, lectures and lecture trips, regular summers in the Rockies looking for butterflies, travels in Europe with reunited members of the war-dispersed family. Only occasionally does he lapse into the desultoriness that lurks in all big biographies, and surrender to the temptation to tell us something just because it was there, because he found it. Nabokov's health (not as

good as he made it seem) strikes me as interesting, as does his sudden gain in weight once he stopped smoking, so that the svelte greyhound of a writer turns overnight, it seems, into a lumbering but still rather dapper St. Bernard (or as Nabokov himself puts it, the lean lecturer becomes a full professor). But I'm not sure I need to know that Edmund Wilson rudely closed a door one day in Harry Levin's house and Nabokov made Wilson apologize. Or that the Nabokovs went to visit Wilson and his wife in April 1956 and returned "invigorated and refreshed by the mental sea breeze." I'm glad they had a good time, but the biographer seems to be turning the pages of his calendar.

Fortunately, there is very little of this sort of stuff—astonishingly little, given the size of the book and the quietness of Nabokov's life. What Boyd mainly offers us, apart from his intelligent critical comment, is not a record even of mild adventures, but the carefully reconstructed context of a writer's work. We learn a lot about Nabokov's interest in butterflies and about his teaching, because they matter so much to his mind and art. No one before Boyd has made Nabokov's butterfly collecting seem so compelling and so ordinary, so intimately part of a vision of a world of particulars. There are "lumpers" and "splitters" among lepidopterists, apparently, those who like to group together broadly similar kinds of creatures and those whose sense of difference makes them keen to "separate kind from kind." Nabokov, as Boyd nicely says, was "temperamentally a splitter," a devotee of difference, but not as extreme a splitter, either among butterflies or in his fiction, as many of his pronouncements would suggest.

From Boyd, we learn where and how Nabokov worked, his shifts of house at Cornell, the motels and the hotels of his travels in America and Europe. We learn how he took to fame, how he weathered adversity. We learn almost nothing, however, about his relation with his wife, which appears as cloudless mutual love.

Their love was a source of wonder to everyone who knew them. I have no reason at all to doubt this picture, and Boyd himself has described what appears to have been Nabokov's one extramarital affair in *The Russian Years*. But there is a long, untold story here. Perhaps all happy families are alike, or happiness just cannot be inspected. Boyd writes very well indeed about Vera Nabokov's importance to her husband, and about the way she is invoked in his work, but that is not quite the same as exploring a relationship. There is a besetting (and appealing) discretion in Boyd's approach. When he

notes that the Nabokovs' son Dmitri has recovered from an illness but has "found another way to cause his parents anxiety," do we read this as mere playful phrasing or as a hint at a much longer tale? When Boyd says that although other translators felt threatened by Nabokov, Dmitri, working with his father, "could simply welcome the improvements," I know I am reading some kind of romance. What son "simply welcomes" his father's corrections? I am not complaining. I don't want the story of Nabokov's rows with his son. But I do need to point out that in another kind of biography they would matter as much as, if not more than, Nabokov's rows with Field or Wilson.

In fact, we don't learn a whole lot about Nabokov himself in this book, if we think of "Nabokov" as a psychological entity rather than as a public face or a series of performances. This is not a failure on Boyd's part, it is an aspect of his triumph. For surely any psychology that we could invent for Nabokov would end up suspended in midair, stranded for lack of evidence. It's not that Nabokov didn't have a psychology, it's that he seems to have made it disappear into style, even in his private life.

Boyd argues persuasively that the famous Nabokov of all the late interviews, the chap who is so unbearably coy in film clips and photographs, who seems "immeasurably satisfied with himself and often immeasurably contemptuous of others," is a front, a "protective mechanism ... against the casually curious." Nabokov himself said he took "every precaution to ensure a dignified beat of the mandarin's fan," and it is hard to imagine a genuine mandarin talking like that, or even bothering with precautions. But then the "real Nabokov," as Boyd calls him in an unguarded phrase, seems to be yet another performance, only much nicer, the man of "warmth and simple friendliness" known to his family, friends, and servants. Noblesse does oblige.

I don't mean that Nabokov was insincere, or that he was not a man of warmth and friendliness. How would I know? But a sense of his style *does* pervade every report of everything he did. The hero of Boyd's book, the real "real" Nabokov, is finally a man whose life is already a form of writing, an awesome figure whose textual career has swallowed up all but a few small segments of his self. VLADIMIR NABOKOV ÉCRIVAIN.

MICHAEL WOOD, professor of English at the University of Exeter, is the author most recently of *García Márquez: One Hundred Years of Solitude* (Cambridge University Press).



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The Music of Loss

BY WILFRID MELLERS

Letters from a Life:

Selected Letters and Diaries of Benjamin Britten

Volume I, 1923-39; Volume II, 1939-45

edited by Donald Mitchell and Philip Reed

(University of California Press, 1,403 pp., \$125)

In an artist, Eliot told us many years ago, the man who suffers is distinct from the mind that creates. This would seem to be true of Shakespeare, if only because we cannot imagine any mortal man being aware of so much, and not least because we know very little about him biographically. Perhaps it is true of the operatic Mozart, with his precocious ability to identify with all sorts and conditions of men and women. But these artists, being supreme, must also be exceptional. What about those closer to us, in the more limited range of their experience, and in time? About people nearer to us chronologically, the documentation is likely to be copious; hence the current obsession with monumental, quasi-scientific biography, whereby it almost seems that some modern readers are more interested in the maker—especially if he is suffering or sinning—than in what he has made.

The case of Benjamin Britten is pertinent. His selected letters and journals are in the process of publication in four massive volumes running to around 700 pages each, edited and commented on in exemplary detail by Donald Mitchell, who was appointed by Britten to be his biographer. The task of presenting these letters and journals could not have been more efficiently accomplished, and even the most trivial details fascinate—especially if the reader was reared, as I was, during the same years and in comparable cultural circumstances. Even so, one is left feeling, as one comes up for air, that too much “information” may clutter Britten’s music, which speaks (or rather sings) for itself.

After all, Britten was among the most “successful” and the most performed of twentieth-century composers. He has sometimes been condescended to by intellectual and aesthetic smart alecks on the grounds of his politely middle-class social background, and even on the grounds of his musical accessibility: music so enjoyable ought not to be good. This kind of objection is not merely mod-

ish. Indeed, the case was made by Britten’s friend and collaborator Wystan Auden, who gently reprimanded him during their youthful years in America. But Auden, unlike most people, had the right to criticize. He was on the mark in maintaining that all artists, except the supreme ones, cannot avoid teetering between the Scylla of bohemian chaos and the Charybdis of bourgeois convention; and that for middle-class Englishmen like Britten and himself bourgeois convention was the deadlier threat. In January 1942, in a remarkable letter to his friend, Auden wrote:

Your attraction to thin-as-a-board juveniles, i.e., to the sexless and innocent, is a symptom. . . . And I am certain too that it is your denial and evasion of the demands of disorder that is responsible for your attacks of ill-health, i.e., that sickness is your substitute for the Bohemian. Wherever you go you are, and probably always will be, surrounded by people who adore you, nurse you, and praise everything you do. Up to a certain point, this is fine for you, but beware. You see, Benjy dear, you are always tempted to make things too easy for yourself . . . to build yourself a warm nest of love by playing the lovable, talented little boy. If you are really to develop to your full stature you will have, I think, to suffer and make others suffer, in ways that are totally strange to you at present, and against every conscious value that you have.

Since Auden never kept correspondence, we cannot know how Britten reacted to this heartfelt but perspicacious analysis, though we do know that he was generally daunted by Auden’s rapier-edged intellect. What matters, however, is that Britten, if not an intellectual in Auden’s sense, had his own profoundly intuitive intelligence; and that the “unconscious” evolution of his music proves that Auden, if right on the surface, was at the deepest level wrong. Those who think that Britten remained cosseted in conformity cannot have really listened to his music, or fully experienced his theater. His habitual theme was the scapegoat, and his “success” is

synonymous with the fact that people came to accept him as a surrogate for us all. There is no dearth of “suffering” in Britten’s art; and the pain is not champagne.

He began his career with a rebirth: a work specifically called *A Boy Was Born*, composed when he was himself a boy of 19. Despite the archaism of the mostly Old English texts, of the implicit Christian mythology, and of some of the quasi-medieval and Renaissance musical techniques, the essence of this choral work is its re-creative immediacy. In its aural action, a boy is indeed born; and in the years that followed Britten forgot neither the birth nor the boy. The vocal virtuosity of the piece, astonishing in the context of the musical provinciality of Britain at the time, was as imaginative as well as a technical miracle; and similar virtuosity distinguishes the first work to bring Britten fame beyond national confines, his *Variations* on a theme of Frank Bridge, composed for string orchestra in 1936-37.

An odd man out in the agrarian fields of British music, Bridge was Britten’s most esteemed mentor, who had been in tune with “progressive” elements in European music—with Scriabin, Schoenberg, and Berg—as John Ireland, Britten’s official teacher at the Royal Academy, had not. So if, in *A Boy Was Born*, Britten had embraced a childlike purity of vision within an adult vocal virtuosity, in the *Bridge Variations* he “grew up” to the extent of admitting to a Mahlerian instrumental nostalgia for a paradise that was lost. The introduction and the funeral march in particular have a declamatory rhetoric and a pathos that recall Mahler, while glowing with a radiance that is essential Britten. Although he adored the operatic Mozart, and loved composers of Europe’s twilight such as Mahler and Berg (from whom he at one time hoped to take lessons), Britten was not creatively animated by the sonata principle of the Viennese classics, and, at least after adolescence, he was never on Beethoven’s wavelength. There is a point in the fact that the core of the *Bridge Variations* is a series of stylistic parodies of past musics. Already Britten knew that to find the self he had first to lose it.

It would seem that, by the time of the *Bridge Variations*, Britten was intuitively aware that he was destined to be an opera composer; and it is significant that his first venture into opera, *Paul Bunyan*, had nothing to do with Old Europe, but was conceived in the New World, in collaboration with the poetically and politically progressive Auden. Britten’s American trip, like Auden’s, had been planned

before the catastrophe of the war, from which he was accused of having attempted cravenly to escape. More pertinent, he was seeking creation rather than destruction, a New World for an Old, much as Vaughan Williams had been first fired by the barbaric yawp of Whitman.

The brilliant libretto that Auden produced in response to an invitation to make a school or college opera was about, in Gertrude Stein's phrase, "the Making of Americans" or, more rudimentarily, about the relation between Nature and Nurture. The American folk myth of Paul Bunyan turns on the human necessity, when faced with a wilderness, to make and to form. American births, unassisted by Europe's traditions, had to be pristine: childlike, yet also potentially inchoate, hazardous, scary, even beastly. In Auden's encapsulation of history, the American experiment—or Dream—failed because the Americans had no choice, given the conditions they faced, but to become "virtuosos of the ax, dynamiters and huntsmen" impelled by "an excess of military qualities, of the resourcefulness of thieves, the camaraderie of the irresponsible, and the accidental beauties of silly songs." Appropriately, Auden and Britten devised theatrical-musical techniques that are themselves embryonic, hybrids between opera, music hall, and musical comedy. They even flirted with the notion that the piece might be produced on Broadway.

In its deliberately tentative way (as compared with *A Boy Was Born* or the *Bridge Variations*), *Paul Bunyan* is a work of genius. Through his American experience, Britten discovered his English, and universal, theme, though when he returned to England in 1942 he disowned the work, and did not reinstate it until shortly before his death in 1976. He seems to have felt that it was a betrayal of his birthright, and perhaps it did seem so at the moment in 1942 when Britten or Peter Pears—his singer-friend, professional colleague, and lover—picked up in a Los Angeles rare-book store the copy of George Crabbe's *The Borough* that was so deeply to affect the destiny of English music. (Crabbe, an Anglican parson in the Suffolk fishing town of Aldeburgh, wrote narrative verse in the late eighteenth-century tradition, exploring social tensions within an early nineteenth-century agrarian community.)

In the concluding Litany to *Paul Bunyan*, Auden asserts that "All but *Heroes* are unnerved/ When love and life must be deserved." In *Peter Grimes* Britten's heroism was manifest when the whiff of Suffolk sea and air in Crabbe's verse proved

more persuasive than any latent political message. The English outlaw returned home to create the first unambiguously grand (and great) opera in Britain's history—specifically on the theme of the outsider, the man who is outcast. By now, Britten needed no Auden to help him courageously face the fact that the death of innocence is inherent in consciousness itself; for as soon as we know that we know, we can no longer be innocent.

In confronting this truth, throughout all his operas and his song-cycles, and in much of his instrumental music as well, Britten knew what he knew; that is, the limitation of his range is evidence of the integrity of his genius. *Peter Grimes* demonstrates the necessity of the scapegoat to our tortured times: we are obsessed with innocence because we have lost it, and we have lost it because we hate and persecute those who have preserved it. This opera's unheroic hero is the Savage Man who, in different circumstances, might have grown to civilized consciousness. Deprived of Ellen's love, however, Grimes destroys the Boy who is his own soul, and is hounded to death by an inimical world.

It has been claimed, I think validly, that Peter Grimes is not really a tragic hero, since his heroism is equated with no specific human qualities, not even with brute courage, but simply with his status as an outsider. He must be right because the world thinks him wrong. In Crabbe's poem the borough is a positive good, whereas Grimes is evil because he threatens it. True, the opera ends with the re-establishment of bourgeois convention in the form of the routine life of the village; and yet during the course of the opera Britten has confessed, with Prospero, that "this Thing of Darkness I / Acknowledge mine." In so doing, he countered Auden's reprimand.

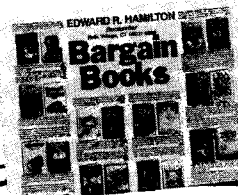
In a letter to Pears in 1945, Britten wonders whether "they" will realize just how "queer" the piece is. Whether they (or rather, we) did or did not, it is evident that the anguish of Britten's dark hero was at once universal and personal. For Britten and for us catharsis had been generated from the interlocking of the bohemian and the bourgeois; and the collation of this personal catharsis with the horror of the World War that Britten so fervently abominated impelled us immediately to recognize that *Peter Grimes* was a masterpiece. At once it entered the repertory, and was soon internationally accepted, as no other British opera has been before or since; nearly half a century after the event it is still played all over the so-called civilized world.

In *Grimes* Britten lighted not only on the right theme, but also on the right

librettist. Montagu Slater was not a great or even a very good poet, but he combined musical and literary sensitivity with precisely the right social and political conviction. And like *A Boy Was Born* and the *Bridge Variations*—the earliest creations of Britten's genius as distinct from his precociously "clever" talent—*Grimes* displayed a technical virtuosity that is itself a kind of birth. Having almost no practical operatic experience, Britten studied in depth the operas of Verdi and Mozart, and especially Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which had bowled him over in his childhood. Even so, the musical-theatrical techniques of *Grimes* seem, such is the rightness of means to ends, to function intuitively. Almost all the contemporary reviews—which Mitchell usefully reprints in his commentaries—marveled at Britten's technical facility, which is the instrument of imaginative truth.

Britten's second "grand" opera, *Billy Budd* (1951), gives a more personal slant

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to the same theme. Its text, based on Melville's disturbing sea story, was written by E. M. Forster, that master of psychological acumen, and another homosexual artist. This parable is specifically about the agony, and perhaps the tragedy, of growing up. The sailor Billy Budd is not a Savage Man, but the budding Beautiful Boy whom savage men destroy, though in a sense he is victimized by his own childishness, manifest in the mea culpa of his stammer. The piece tells us that we cannot dispose of evil by a blind blow, provoked by the inarticulateness of the good within us. It is, in short, an even more direct riposte to Auden's reproof; and although the Christian symbolism of Billy's quasi-crucifixion in the original production struck a false note, the power and the terror of the piece have proved irresistible over the years.

It may be significant that, despite his Anglican background, a patently Christian morality has never been in tune with Britten's art. *The Rape of Lucrece* (1946)—the first of the chamber operas made for the English Opera Group that was created in the wake of *Grimes's* triumph—

faltered, for all its appropriately ravishing moments, because of the Christian "message" tacked onto it by Ronald Duncan's libretto. The second of the chamber operas, *Albert Herring* (1947), evaded this by choosing comedy over tragedy, though it has the same theme, and almost the same story, as *Grimes*. Its bourgeois comedy notwithstanding, Albert's bohemian destiny comes near to breaking the heart.

And the later pair of chamber operas, *The Turn of the Screw* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, written in the early 1950s, tackles Britten's central theme head on. *The Turn of the Screw* doesn't flinch from the fact that Henry James's horrifying *conte* enters the world of the child, remorselessly to twist the screw as "the ceremony of innocence is drowned." Myfawny Piper's libretto releases devils in the quiet if hardly cozy English churchyard, and Britten's tintinnabulating bells auralize them. His tightly organized score, exploiting serial devices as personal as they are appropriate, juxtaposes a guileless nursery ditty (the boy Miles's "Malo" song) with the ghastly, ghostly machinations of human spirits that have withered in willfully betraying the innocence they once possessed.

Britten's theatrical magic was never more insidious, though we need to experience the piece's private claustrophobia in relation to its companion piece, the chamber opera based on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which uses Shakespeare's own words more adroitly than has any other composer. In Britten's piece, no less than in Shakespeare's, nightmare is inextricably entangled with dream. Barriers between the deluded humans and the spikey fairies are hazy, and the hypercivilized Society of genteel bourgeois Athens merges into the wild wilderness of Bohemia, with or without a coast on the brink of perilous seas.

Shortly after he composed these two chamber operas, Britten visited Japan, and in 1956 he witnessed a Japanese No play that made a "tremendous impression" on him. Valid relationships between its ori-

entalism and his occidentalism were not far to seek. For not only did the techniques of Japanese No plays have general affinities with those of English medieval morality plays (on which he had already drawn for his wondrous children's opera, fortuitously called *Noye's Fludde*), but the particular No play that he happened to see told a tale close to Christian myth, and closer still to the personal myth that has dominated Britten's art.

A mother, desperate in grief, is searching for her lost son, slain by the barbarian, and in a vision she sees him reborn. So Britten's sacrificial and redemptive scapegoat reappears, but with a significant difference. In *Grimes* the unheroic hero is the Wild Man, who, having lost love, or having never earned it, slays the boy who is his holier self. But in *Curlew River* the persecutor doesn't even appear, his story being narrated retrospectively. The central figure is the suffering mother—a Mad Woman played by a wild man—who seeks the Son who is magically if momentarily restored from death. The cycle of persecution and guilt is absolved. Britten had gone back, first to the Middle Ages—the original production of this "church parable" in Orford's ancient village church left on me an impression that time will never efface—and then to an even more remote and more savage antiquity. But he went backward in order to go forward; and I think he arrived at a point more authentically tragic in impact than any piece of twentieth-century music-theater, apart from Janáček's *Káťa Kabanová* and Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*.

One must admit that at the moment of the boy's transubstantiation one may experience a fleeting intellectual doubt. After all this intensely realized "suffering," are we to be offered no more than a mumbling of monks, a tolling of bells, a piping boy? But of course we are given more, for the miracle happens not on the trestle stage, but in Britten's music, sung and played by performers who are all, including the instrumentalists, part of the stage action. It is a tribute to Britten's bohemian (rather than bourgeois) strength that he could, as climax to the evolving sequence of his operas and song-cycles, and at the height of his international celebrity, spiritually and musically begin anew with this "church parable." And this late new beginning was to be consummated in the last opera, *Death in Venice* (1973), which follows *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in obliterating boundaries between rational and irrational levels of experience, and between archetypal myth and personal history. For *Death in Venice* is Britten's most

The Consolation of Philosophy

(Homage to Salman Rushdie)

She threw the lesser muses out
And barred the door. Flame-haired, quick, slim,
She knew what had transfigured him,
Left him passionless and devout.
She vowed she would absorb each doubt,
Drape shadows up and down her system.
"Like a pageant behind a scrim
Where frozen shapes may move about
In slow motion (the ancients caught
Just when their light began to dim),
Memory quickens the unredeemed,"
She said, and the movement of her thought—
The music, more than what she taught—
Sweetened his cell and succored him,
Delivered him from what he'd written,
From history that would burn him out.

But the hard Latin that summoned her
Is unyielding ore. Boethius, a man
About to die, not for philosophy,
But a swerving regime, tries to remember
Any bright happiness he can;
And she fades, the nurturant genie,
The shadowy erotic dancer. . . .
It was as if all order ran
Out on him, leaving his mind free
To sift through its shiftless splendor.
Silently, the Consolation began
To wriggle from captivity.

DAVID M. KATZ

overtly autobiographical work, finding in Thomas Mann's haunting tale of the artist's love for the Beautiful Boy a perfect representation of his own lifelong quest for a lost paradise.

All that we need to know about Britten is his music. Still, one has to admit that these volumes not only offer corroboration of his music's "message," they are also humanly enthralling. The aura of Britten's East Anglian childhood comes across vividly from these letters and journals, reinforced by Mitchell's commentary on persons, places, and events, a commentary that is often much longer than the documents themselves. Ben's successful dentist father was a middle-class rock to cling to—*A Boy Was Born* is dedicated to him—but he did not deeply affect the child's consciousness. His formidable mother inspired and ruled his life from the time he was a tiny but dazzlingly talented tot; she was herself a more than competent amateur singer, whose voice, we are told, startlingly and prophetically resembled that of Peter Pears's.

Ben's siblings, with the exception of his brother Robert, remained potent forces throughout his life and melted into the substitute families that he garnered during the course of his creative and professional career. Chief among them was the greatly generous and intelligent Elizabeth Mayer, who offered Britten and Pears a cultivated and comfortable home-away-from-home during most of their American years. Ben did not much relish the time he spent in the Brooklyn apartment haphazardly "organized" by Auden, and occupied by Auden, Britten, and Pears along with, simultaneously or sequentially, Paul and Jane Bowles, Carson McCullers, Gypsy Rose Lee, Erika Mann, Louis MacNeice, and a gallimaufry of no less colorful itinerants. Such a brilliant but disorderly and rather grubby household was far too bohemian for Ben's taste.

The environment that he later evolved at Aldeburgh stemmed from genuine needs for comfort and sobriety, even if outward gentility succored rather than stifled inner turbulence. During the Aldeburgh years Imogen Holst was a friend, secretary-amanuensis, and musical co-educator who attained almost familial status, taking over from the Austro-American Mayer. Even Britten's business colleagues, including his publishers Ralph Hawkes and later Mitchell, entered the charmed circle of friendship that preserved, but did not pickle, his childhood. Thus he was shielded from his excessive, at times near-paranoid, vulnerability, which probably sprang from his reluctance con-

sciously to grow up, though growing up was, in his art, the heart of the matter.

If Britten found it difficult to brook criticism—notwithstanding the fact that he could hardly have been more successful—he recognized his real friends with the same acumen with which he lighted on the right texts at the right time. His letters to Aaron Copland, who was to American music of the time almost what Britten was to British music, are humane and empathetic (and without overt sexual impulse, though both men were gay). Most important of all, of course, was his career-long "marriage" to Pears. These documents suggest that some of Britten's vocal music amounts almost to joint creation. Ben's confessions of gratitude to Peter are deeply affecting; and although it is debatable whether the explicit love letters should have been published, they are no more cringe-making than heterosexual love letters tend to be, when exhibited to the public gaze. On the whole, Mitchell's decision to publish them seems valid, so long as we do not forget that this love matters to us only because from it flowered the *Michelangelo Sonnets*, the superb Hardy song-cycle *Winter Words* (which is explicitly about "the birth of consciousness"), all the operas except the first, and especially the last and most "subjective" opera, *Death in Venice*, of which Pears gave the first (and overwhelmingly moving) New York performance, at the age of 64.

Britten wasn't a dazzling letter-writer like Auden, and he was perhaps less aware and less well-informed than Pears. Still, his letters—even in the very early days, when they sound slightly arch—always reveal his integrity and his charismatic charm. In particular, his letters addressed to young people display a touching purity, even chastity, of spirit. This was the quality that the Estonian composer Arvo Pärt believed to be the very heart of Britten's music. In commemoration of his death in 1976, Pärt composed a five-minute *Cantus* for a single bell and string orchestra, music that magically encapsulates precisely this Brittenesque purity of spirit. After simmering for some hours in the endlessly enticing pages of these volumes, it is salutary to play to oneself Pärt's musical threnody. It purifies the ears and purges the blood; and it reminds us of why Britten's music matters, and will continue to matter.

WILFRID MELLERS, professor emeritus of music at the University of York, is the author most recently of *Vaughan Williams and the Vision of Albion* (Pimlico), who par-

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s&L bailout, the deficit targets have been missed by a mile. But it is simple demagoguery to suggest that the deficit would be smaller if the deal hadn't been made. It reduced the gap between spending and revenue by \$500 billion over five years, and prevented untold billions in new revenue-losing ideas on both the tax and spending sides. Critics of the deal at the time and since have never proposed honest cuts in spending to replace the deal's hated but modest tax increases.

Current talk of breaking the budget deal tends to muddle two aspects of it. One is the basic principle that any new revenue-losing legislation—a tax cut or spending increase—must be paid for with an equivalent spending cut or revenue increase. The other is the "firewall" between spending categories, which forbids shifting money between defense and social spending.

The "firewall" no longer makes sense. Surely our defense needs are less than they were in October 1990. But defense cuts cannot save us from other unpleasant budget choices. Just meeting the current target for a 25 percent defense "build-down" over five years will require more cuts than the Pentagon has yet reconciled itself to. In our own long-term self-interest, some of the potential saving ought to be used to help the emerging nations of the former Soviet system in their transition to capitalism and democracy. And even if the defense budget were cut in half instead of merely by a quarter, that extra \$75 billion would not be enough to solve our problems.

As for the central principle of the budget deal—that any new budgetary initiative must be paid for—breaking that would be criminally irresponsible. The recession does not justify it. Fanciful "supply-side" accounting (tax cuts increase revenues, blah blah blah) does not justify it. Political opportunism does not justify it. To abandon this admirable but insufficient exercise of fiscal discipline after barely a year would be a true act of political decadence.

Lately some pundits have been saying that America's pessimistic mood is overwrought. Last year we won the cold war and a hot one to boot. The recession is relatively shallow, as these things go. That's all true. What alarms people, though, and I think correctly, is the sense of long-term drift and decay. We will come out of this recession—maybe just in time to bail out George Bush—but we will not be restored to true economic health. That requires one obvious step no politician seems prepared to take.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

MOSCOW DIARIST

Gremlins and goblins

AS WE ALL KNOW, THE UNION OF Soviet Socialist Republics is no more. It has ceased to be. It has rung down the curtain and joined the choir invisible. It is a late Union. Bereft of life, it is pushing up the daisies. It is an ex-Union. (It's not just "resting," either.) The landmass it formerly occupied is now taken up by new countries with old names, such as Russia, Ukraine (out, damned the!), Kazakhstan, and Byelorussia, which I half expect, once capitalism takes hold, to rename itself Sellhighrussia. Yet even though the corporeal and temporal actuality of the Soviet Union has ended, the Soviet Union is not nowhere. It has simply moved to a different plane of existence. It has fled to the realm of myth and mystery, of fright and fable, where it abides with other empires that must be imagined to be believed (whether or not they were ever real)—empires good and empires evil, empires like Atlantis, Ancient Rome, the Middle Kingdom, Oz, and the Third Reich.

OF COURSE, EVEN WHEN IT WAS alive the Soviet Union was a fabulous kingdom, a place of the blackest black magic. How could it have been otherwise? After all, here was a country founded upon a vast and elaborate fantasy, the fantasy of the Workers' State, a fantasy sustained not only by the cruel and bloodsoaked apparatus of fear but also, and above all during its wickedest decades, by the blind goodwill of millions of believers within and without its borders. The literature of and about the Soviet Union was steeped in weird phantasmagoria. Almost every word of Soviet journalism was fiction disguised as fact; by the same token, any Soviet writer wishing to publish a bit of honest social analysis had to disguise his facts as fiction. Many of the books written in praise of the Soviet Union described an imaginary place. Some of the most eloquent attacks on it did likewise, albeit in a more conscious way—Zamyatin's *We*, Orwell's *Animal Farm* and *1984*. The most spookily on-target visual portrait of the pre-collapse USSR is Terry Gilliam's great cult film *Brazil*. The movie has nothing directly to do with the Soviet Union (or with Brazil either), and I doubt that Gilliam had the Soviet Union in mind when he made it.

He captured its essence all the same. If you want to know what the texture of this very odd country was like before the fall, see *Brazil*.

I'VE BEEN HERE THREE TIMES NOW. The first time, Moscow seemed to me less like a foreign city than an alien planet—a planet that had developed along amazingly similar lines to earth. This faraway planet, like our own, is populated by bilaterally symmetrical bipeds who, like us, garb themselves in clothing differentiated by gender, use four-wheel motorized vehicles for transport, live in boxlike structures, and consume grain-based products for both nourishment and recreation. They have equivalents of almost everything we have—shoes, newspapers, traffic lights—yet there is always something about these everyday items that makes them seem utterly strange. It's hard to say which is more eerie, the resemblances or the differences. They have shops, for example, but the signs on the outside say harsh generic things—PRODUCTS, REPAIRS, MILK, PHOTO—and inside there are only drab, empty display cases and coiled lines of shuffling people. That was three years ago. It's still basically the same, only now this exotically gray planet has begun to be colonized by earthlings.

THREE YEARS AGO, THERE WERE still a few big signs of the COMRADES! WE ARE BUILDING COMMUNISM variety to be seen. On my second visit, a year and a half ago, I saw only one sign of this type—red background, block letters—but when I asked someone to translate it for me it turned out to say YOUNG PEOPLE! INVEST IN HIGH-YIELD SECURITIES! This time, the signs are advertising Mars candy bars, Hyundai cars, Panasonic electronics. The consistent thread is that all the signs, whether communist, perestroika-ist, or post-communist, advertise things that are either nonexistent or unavailable.

SOME OTHER CHANGES. THE LINES at the state stores are longer than they were eighteen months ago, but elsewhere there is much more evidence of non-state commerce. The Metro corridors and the passageways under the broad Moscow avenues are lined with card tables where people sell books, magazines, scarves, flowers, chewing gum, cans of German beer. There are musicians on the subway, too—another absolutely new development. Homeless people, too—ditto. Three years ago the hot newspaper was *Moscow News*, which had emerged from

decades as a weekly for tourists published by the Novosti Press Agency to become the voice of glasnost. A year and a half ago it was *Commersant*, a business weekly. Now it's Moscow's *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* (The Independent), a sober thrice-weekly broadsheet, and St. Petersburg's *Chas Pika* (Rush Hour), a spunky afternoon daily. Three years ago, an American in Moscow felt utterly invulnerable. Now every foreigner knows someone who's been mugged or burgled. But Moscow still feels a lot safer than New York.

IF YOU HAVE DOLLARS AND A FEW Russian-speaking friends to guide you, the Commonwealth of Independent States is, for the moment, a vacationer's and shopper's paradise. I traveled here on frequent flyer miles courtesy of Pan Am (another institution that has gone the way of the USSR) and stayed in the apartment of a friend of a friend. A couchette on the night train to St. Petersburg



set me back about 26 cents' worth of rubles; on the return trip I bought a whole four-passenger compartment. Lunch for three at a "cooperative" restaurant (pickled veggies, not-bad pizza, cognac), about 38 cents. Reverse-chic Soviet neckties at TSUM (Central Universal Stores), the Gimbel's to Moscow's Macy's, the more famous GUM (Government Universal Stores), a nickel each. Subway rides, about two-tenths of a cent each. The whole nine-day trip has cost me about \$200, mostly for gifts and meals for Russian friends and souvenirs to take home.

I'VE BEEN ASKING PEOPLE IF communism left anything worthwhile behind. Everyone gives the same answer: the Metro, the legendary Moscow subway that served as an argument-clincher for a generation of American communists. True enough: the Moscow subway is the only Soviet institution that is indisputably the best of its kind in the world. Like the pyramids of Egypt, the temples of the Incas, and the Roman colosseum, it has a brutal splendor that transcends the moral squalor of its origins. A Russian friend adds something else to the list: the "Seven Stalinist Sisters," the mock-gothic, wedding-cake skyscrapers that dot the cityscape. "I hate them, myself," the friend says, "but my 8-year-old daughter loves them. She says they're magic castles. She says gremlins and goblins must live there." A wise little girl.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG

Where U.S. Researchers Find a Home Away From Home In Japan

Researchers are adventurers at heart. So it's no surprise that when Hitachi invited materials scientist Dr. Joseph O. Artman to spend six months this year working at its Central Research Laboratory (HCRL) in Tokyo, he eagerly accepted. "It gave me an opportunity to work in a new area, magneto-optics, and to see for myself how Japan works," recalls the Carnegie Mellon University professor.

Dr. Artman is one of more than 40 U.S. scientists who have worked in Japan over the last six years as participants in Hitachi's Research Visit Programs (HIVIPS). The programs aim to advance science through collaborative research and to enrich participants' lives personally and professionally. Participants work side-by-side with Hitachi scientists on basic problems in electronics and information systems.

For Dr. C.A. Cain, chairman of the University of Michigan's Bioengineering Program, HIVIPS proved a welcome sabbatical. "For the first time in years, I was able to pursue new ideas without interruption," he says. "In my time there, I basically defined my research

directions for the next five years."

HIVIPS participants were struck by the effort to make them feel at home in Japan. "One of the nicest things about the program was the friends I made," says Dr. Cain. "We still do joint research and exchange visits," he adds.

HCRL's research facilities impressed the visitors. "I could do just about anything to a piece of silicon that I wanted to,"

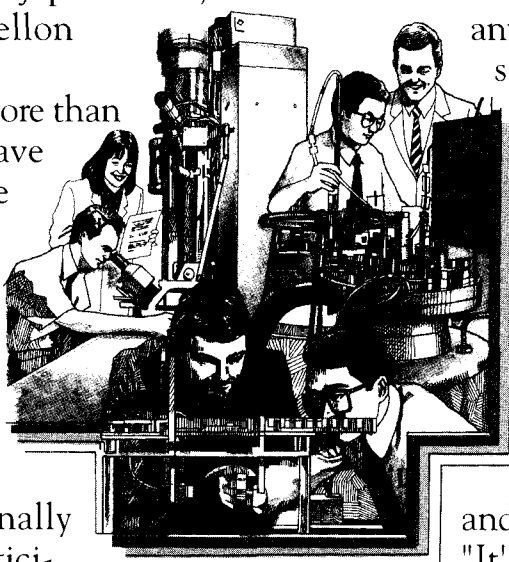
says John Snyder, a Stanford University doctoral student in electrical engineering, who worked on a new kind of transistor. The visitors also appreciated the natural beauty of HCRL's campus, with its goldfish-stocked lake and sheltering woodlands.

"It's an oasis of calm in

Tokyo," says Dr. Cain.

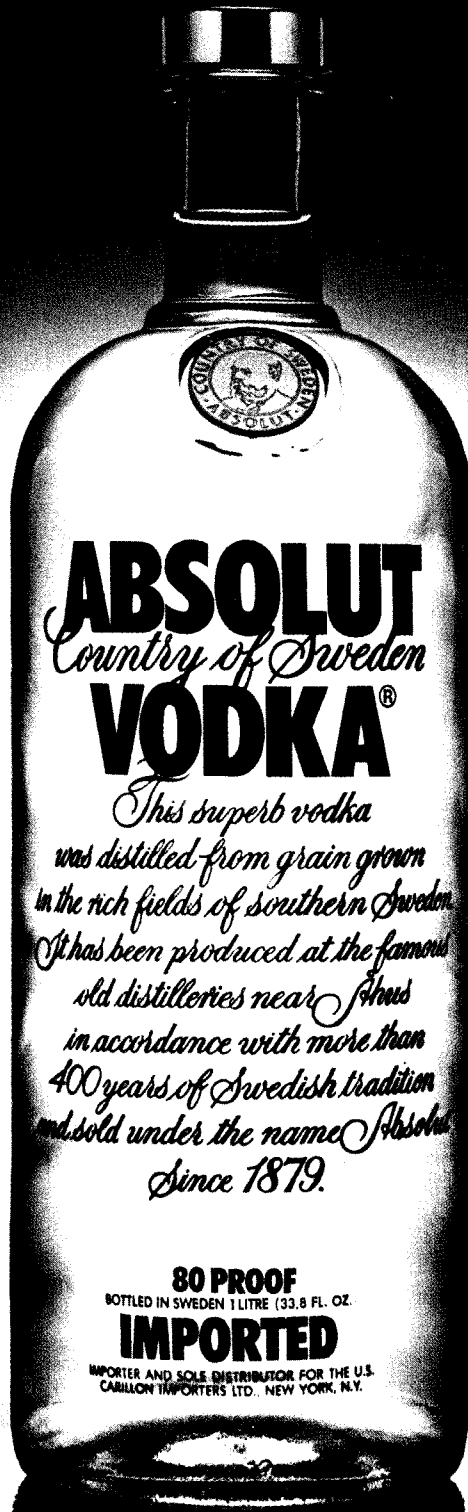
Hitachi is proud to sponsor the HIVIPS program. We believe that it can make a significant contribution to science, to its participants' lives, and to a better understanding between the U.S. and Japan.

For more information, write: Hitachi, P.O. Box 7515, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.



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